February 22, 1968 35¢

THE TAX MAN'S GUIDE TO EUROPE

THE REPORTER

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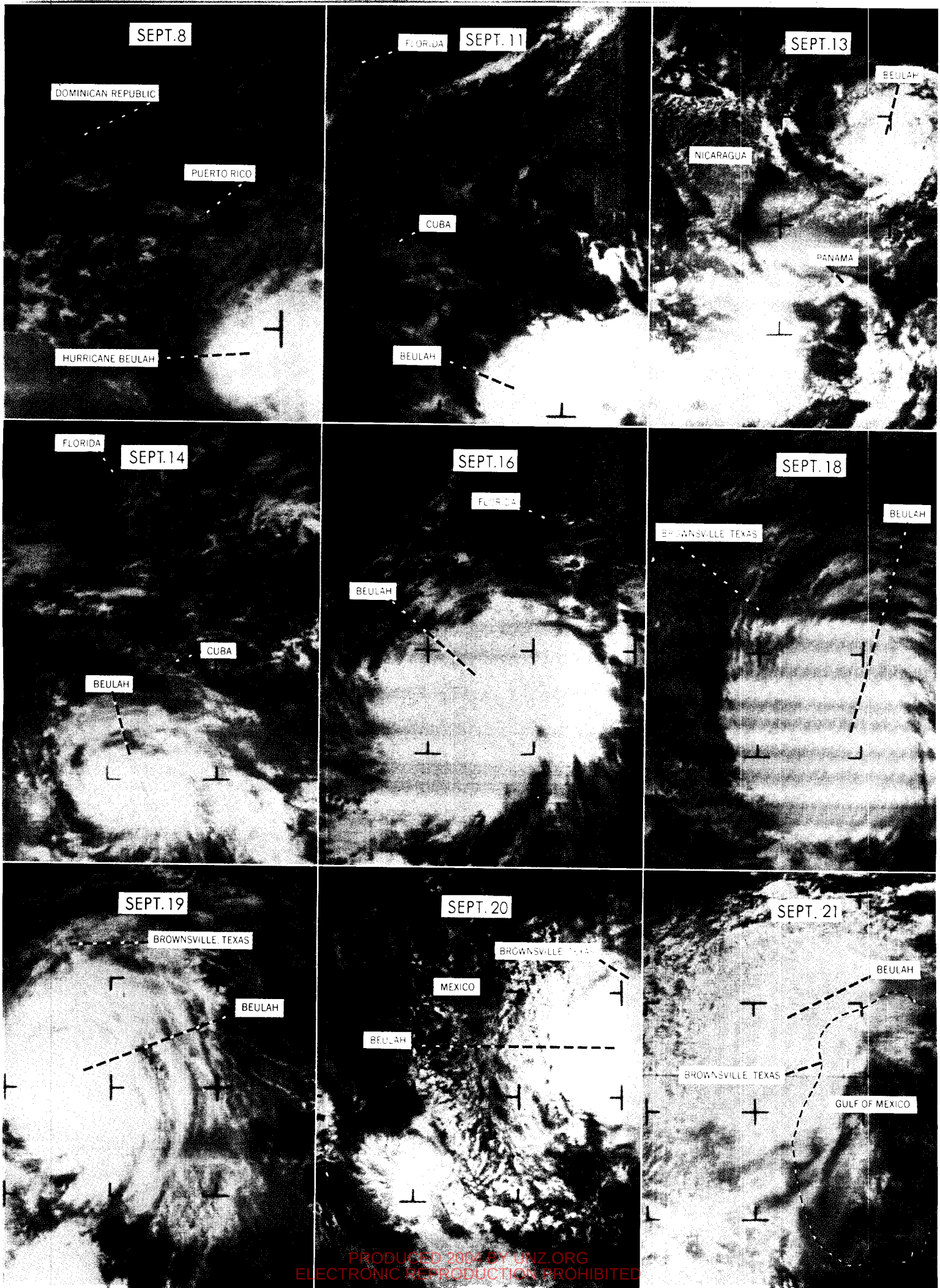

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These pictures could be worth a thousand lives.

General Electric technology in space helps man survive hurricanes here on earth.

Hurricanes kill. Since 1900, they have killed over 13,500 people in the U.S.
Yet when Hurricane Beulah hit last year, it killed but ten people.
In recent years, technological advances have warned people about approaching hurricanes.
One recent advance — a satellite named Nimbus II — photographed Beulah around the clock.
From the time she formed in the Caribbean on Sept. 8, moved west across the
Gulf of Mexico, then swung north to hit Brownsville, Texas, eleven days later.
At left are some of the pictures taken by Nimbus II of Beulah's path.
Launched in May, 1966, Nimbus II is the first complex earth-orbiting satellite to achieve long life in space. General Electric built it for NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center.
General Electric is also experimenting with electronic buoys that could collect weather data at sea and transmit it via satellite... building sophisticated computers that instantly analyze weather information... and even devising new statistical methods to predict violent weather and forecast its path.
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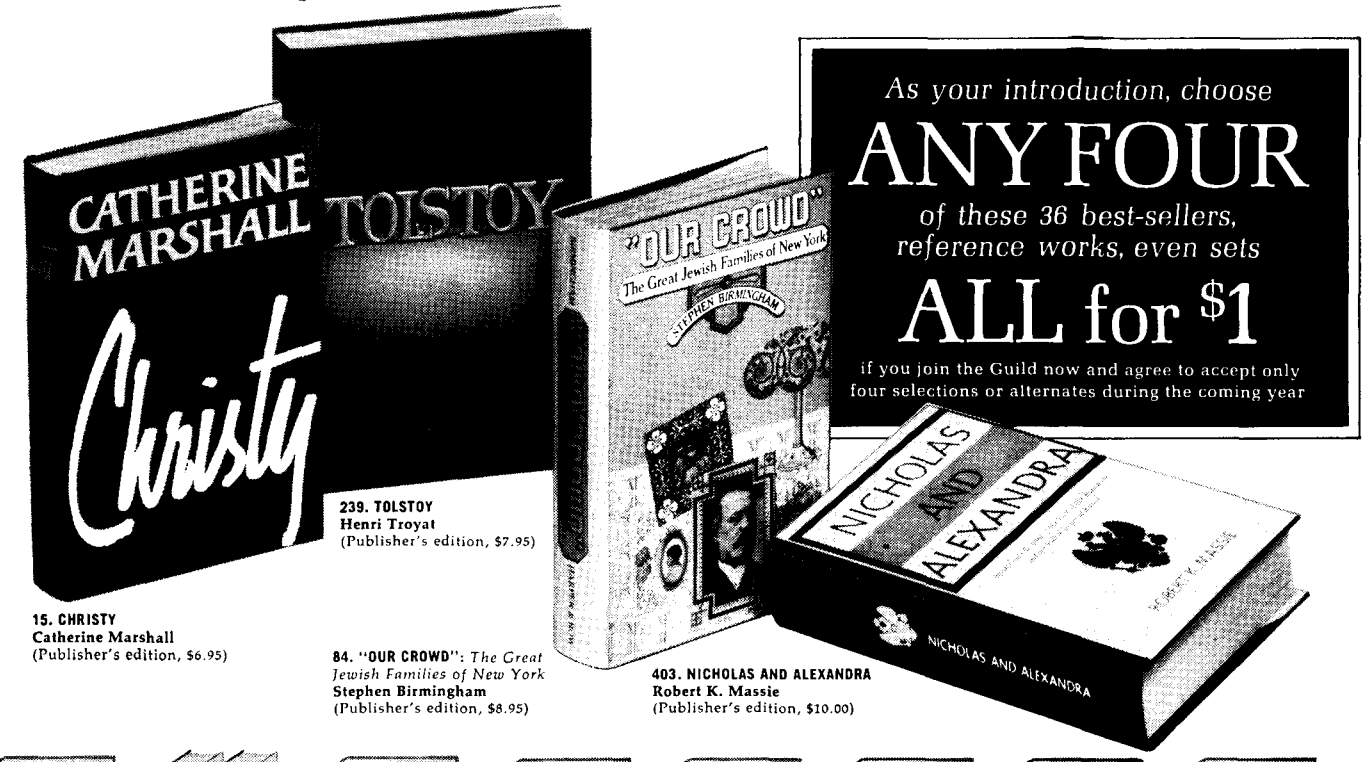

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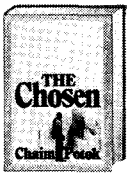

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

WE ARE PROUD of the article by **Denis Warner,** whose experience in the tortured land of Vietnam dates from the period of French domination. He is thus eminently qualified to make a comparison between the Dien Bien Phu of 1954—that relatively minor military victory of General Giap's that provided Ho Chi Minh with such astonishing political gains—and the battle south of the Demilitarized Zone now being called by many the Dien Bien Phu of 1968. According to Warner, a new military victory for General Giap is far from certain, but of course there is always the danger of a self-inflicted American defeat. . . . While the administration has been producing a number of versions of the so-called San Antonio formula for approaching negotiations in South Vietnam, the North Koreans—who, like our foes in Vietnam, count on the support of the major Communist powers—have taken bold initiatives south of the 38th parallel and on the high seas. There has been much talk lately about proliferation, but as far as we know, nobody used the word when a new anti-American offensive was started in another Asian peninsula where quite a number of Americans have been killed. A background for the *Pueblo* incident is supplied by **Joseph C. Kun,** a Korean specialist and senior fellow at the Research Institute on Communist Affairs, Columbia University.

OF ALL the various measures suggested to protect the dollar, none, in our opinion, is more ill-advised than the still vague proposal of a tax on tourism. **Meg Greenfield** points this out most cogently, particularly stressing how difficult it is to raise half a billion dollars out of travel, mainly to Europe. If there is a country where such a measure is absurd, it is ours, which was made by people who came from Europe. Now their descendants are told that they may have to pay a penalty if they want to visit the land of their ancestors. If the word "un-American" can for once be appropriately used, this is the place. . . . The conscience of the king—of Greece, that is—seems to have been less a factor in the abortive royalist countercoup last December than the subtle staging of the plot by the Athens junta. **Bayard Stockton** is a free-lance writer who reports in both English and German from the Aegean . . . In the course of analyzing a detailed demographic survey of Detroit undertaken for the Detroit Regional Transportation and Land Use Study, **Irving J. Rubin** isolated data about the Negroes involved in last summer's riots. His findings and conclusions, which he commends to the attention of the various commissions investigating riot causes, may come as a surprise to many readers. . . . With all the talk in Congress about the need to cut domestic spending, next to nothing is heard about the billion-dollar-inland-waterway projects constructed by the Corps of Engineers. Much of this is pure pork barrel, and Congress guards it jealously. **Robert Haveman,** associate professor of economics at Grinnell College in Iowa, and **Paula Stephan,** a graduate student of economics at the University of Michigan, relate how the Corps' efforts to set higher standards for such projects have been consistently rebuffed. . . . **Paul Blanshard** spent several months in South Africa last year and there gathered material for his report on censorship in the land of apartheid. Mr. Blanshard, the author of many books, is best known for *American Freedom and Catholic Power* (Beacon). . . . **Fernando Krahn** is a connoisseur of the curious.

WORK as a sacrament is one of the themes of **Hugh Nissenson's** article, which is excerpted from his book, *Notes From the Frontier*, to be published this spring by the Dial Press, Inc. Mr. Nissenson is also the author of *Pile of Stones* (Scribner's, hard cover and paperback). . . . **Donald R. Morris** is the author of *The Washing of the Spears* (Simon and Schuster). . . . **John Alexander Allen,** a contributor to the collection *The Hollins Poets*, recently published by the University Press of Virginia, is a professor of English at Hollins and acting chairman of the department. A selection of his work is to be published by the Louisiana State Press. . . . **Gerald Weales** teaches at the University of Pennsylvania and is a past winner of the George Jean Nathan Prize for Dramatic Criticism. . . . **Sarel Eimerl** is a frequent contributor. . . . **Daniel Hoffman,** professor, editor, and critic, is himself a poet. His next collection, *Striking the Stones*, will be published by Oxford in April.

Our cover for this issue is by **Rocco Negro.**

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Now, a world-famous physician, who treats some of America's leading celebrities, says forget about drugs and realize that

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". . . I have reached three basic conclusions as to the cause and cure of disease. This book is about those conclusions.

"The first is that the primary cause of disease is not germs. Rather, I believe disease is caused by a toxemia which results in cellular impairment and breakdown, thus paving the way for the multiplication and onslaught of germs.

"My second conclusion is that in almost all cases the use of drugs in treating patients is harmful. Drugs often cause serious side effects, and sometimes even create new diseases. The dubious benefits they afford the patient are at best temporary. Yet the number of drugs on the market increases geometrically every year as each chemical firm develops its own variation of the compounds. The physician is indeed rare who can be completely aware of the potential danger from the side effects of all these drugs.

"My third conclusion is that disease can be cured through the proper use of correct foods. This statement may sound deceptively simple, but I have arrived at it only after intensive study of a highly complex subject: colloid and endocrine chemistry.

"My conclusions are based on experimental and observational results, gathered through years of successfully treating patients. Occasionally I have resorted to the use of drugs in emergency situations, but those times have been rare. Instead, I have sought to prescribe for my patients' illnesses, antidotes which Nature has placed at their disposal.

"This book deals with what I consider to be the best food and the best medicine."

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Once again, Dr. Bieler's entire life has been devoted to the deep belief that *you can often get rid of most miserable illnesses* – health wreckers like arthritis, asthma, edema, ulcers –even some tumors, kidney and liver ailments, premature aging, loss of glandular function – *all with the diet given you in this book of nothing more than certain easy-to-obtain foods that HELP THE BODY FLUSH AWAY HEALTH-CORRODING TOXINS!*

For example –

The case of the 55-year-old woman who was weak and ill with swollen, painful, arthritic joints; high blood pressure; insomnia and overweight. Now this woman says, "There is not a single twinge of pain any more," and she is in great good health and at her proper weight. (Read the way she did it – with FOOD as her major medicine – beginning on page 19).

The same priceless principle, and "FOOD medicine," healed a dangerous discharging ulcer that kept a man bedridden. *Don't miss this story (page 200) and the key paragraphs that follow it.*

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Hedda Hopper said:

"If I'd always taken his advice, I'd never have had a sick day . . ."

Greta Garbo said:

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Mrs. Frank Lloyd said:

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And above all, on page 17, read Dr. Bieler's own story! Remember, he proved his methods *on himself* when he was ridden with kidney trouble and asthma, and grossly over weight. In fact, when you get your approval copy of FOOD IS YOUR BEST MEDICINE, we think you'll want to turn to page 17 first and *read his own personal story of his discovery of the "health magic" that waits in proper nutrition.*

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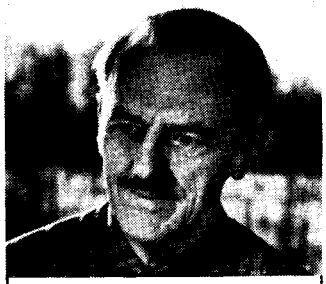

About the author
HENRY G. BIELER, M.D.

"I BELIEVE THAT NATURE, IF GIVEN THE RIGHT OPPORTUNITY, IS ALWAYS THE GREATEST HEALER . . . I often have been in disagreement with doctors who stuff the sick, exhausted patient with powerful drugs, and then are forced to 'remedy the remedy.'

"Early in my career, when my own health broke down, I investigated the dangers of drugs and the chemistry of foods. I came to the conclusion that I must give up drugs. It was not long until, after repeated, verifiable results, I discarded nearly all drugs in treating my patients.

"You can save a great deal of the money you now spend on pills and doctors' bills, and spend it on good food and fun."

After half a century of practice, Dr. Bieler attempted to retire but found the world beating a path to his door. He still is treating movie stars and miners, professional men and Pasadena dowagers, farmers and government officials. Many and many a person blesses this wise physician for health restored after it had been given up for lost . . . for making life full of joy and worth living.

Dr. Bieler holds the Tilden-Weger-Bieler chair of Dietetic Medicine, sponsored by Columbia University.

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A PERSONAL RESPONSE

To the Editor: I want to thank you for your superb and moving editorial Note entitled "Somewhat Personal" in the January 25 issue.

This also gives me the chance to tell you again how much I have admired your consistent liberalism and your wise analyses of the main public events in recent years.

HENRY M. JACKSON
U.S. Senate

To the Editor: Thank you for the note on your own experience with dissent in the issue of January 25. For some time now I have been feeling quite lonely because of my support for President Johnson's policies in Vietnam. Being in an academic atmosphere, I usually find that I am the only one who believes that Johnson has done the right thing. This, of course, has led to furious arguments which lead to no end except that all of my friends have labeled me a "hawk" and, by implication, a bloodthirsty warmonger. To those who give as the *ultima ratio* of their opposition to Johnson that they don't want their children to die in foreign wars and imply that therefore I must be eager to make cannon fodder of my own, I can only reply in frustration that I am *not* in favor of wars and killing and that I don't want anyone's children to die, but also don't want our country to be continually retreating before the challenge of Communism until only a general war can result.

In spite of the many negative aspects to Vietnam, I am convinced that in the context of history the positive aspects will outweigh them in importance. Your remarks have helped me to feel that being a lonely dissenter, even from dissent, is not so bad after all. The company is small but select.

PAUL M. LLOYD
Secane, Pennsylvania

To the Editor: It is unfortunate indeed that those who have cherished dissent in the past are the most intolerant of those who dissent from them now. Your record speaks for itself. Your courage in maintaining your journalistic integrity and in refusing to follow the mainstream of many of your past admirers is to be commended. In doing so, you have saved your magazine from conformity, and have saved its place in this country as an effective voice for dissent.

RUSSELL SHAVER
Los Angeles

To the Editor: I am not angry but saddened at the conservative course *The Reporter* has taken. How you can support LBJ in his immortal actions, considering the genesis of the matter—going back to 1945—is beyond me. The succession of Mandarins we have been supporting in the South (Bao, Diem, Khanh, . . . Ky, Thieu) have been, in the main, co-suppressors (with the

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French) of the Vietnamese people since the French took over in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

ALFRED P. GALLI
Northville, Michigan

To the Editor: What puzzles me, and no doubt puzzles you, is the total lack of a political sense of self-survival in those that make up the "movement." In the name of humanity we are asked to retreat to Fortress America since it will be too costly to oppose the victorious and morally just forces of Communism. Can anybody but the most ignorant or blind doubt that if we should follow this policy, dissent now so freely indulged in by those who advocate such a policy would become a thing of the past, and 1984 would indeed be upon us?

RICHARD HYSE
Associate Professor of Economics
State University College
Oswego, New York

To the Editor: The tyranny of the liberals, their intolerance of anyone who does not run with the pack, requires courage to oppose. They are wrong about Vietnam, in my view, and wrong about our great President, Lyndon Johnson.

It is a genuine pleasure to read *The Reporter* in these days when so many journals are endlessly repeating the same half-truths about Vietnam. If you at times feel lonely, please know that many admire your stand.

HUGH CARTER
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: You seem to miss the point. While all who dissent on Vietnam would be no doubt happier to have you on their side, the bitterness of their present attitude toward you lies less in your disagreement with their stand than in the insulting fashion in which you have dismissed their opinions.

Your "Somewhat Personal" also ends on another interesting note. You explain that you are convinced that ". . . when dissent is so pampered by public officials and is so freely used, it is worth exactly what it costs to be exercised: nothing," whereas "My dissent from the dissenters is neither easy nor cheap." In other words, one judges a dissenting opinion, not by the merits of the argument itself, but by its popularity rating and by the risks taken by the dissenter.

A suspicion arises that, perhaps as a logical outgrowth of your earlier times of trial, you have begun to believe that only the martyr can be right.

AL HORMEL
Weston, Connecticut

To the Editor: I have read the magazine for fifteen years, ever since I was a teen-ager. During the past year or so yours has been one of the few responsible and sane voices to be heard in liberal quarters. The logic and consistency of your position, not just recently but over the long haul, seem

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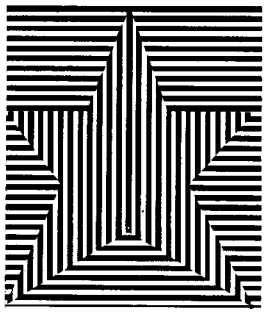

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Edited by Richard Pipes

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"Although more than half a century has passed since the Russian Revolution, the historical literature devoted to it is still in many respects in a rudimentary stage of development. The questions that have been asked of it are less sophisticated than those historians have for some time been in the habit of addressing to such comparable events as the French Revolution of 1789, the European revolutions of 1848, or the totalitarian revolution in Nazi Germany. There are good reasons why this should be the case — after all, the Russian Revolution is still not completed, insofar as the present rulers of Russia are the heirs of the men who in October 1917 made the revolution. Even so, it should be possible now to look at this event with some detachment and perspective and to pose about it questions of the kind that have yielded better understanding when applied to other revolutionary phenomena."
—Editor's Foreword

In the fiftieth anniversary year of the Russian Revolution, a group of scholars assembled in Cambridge, Massachusetts, to discuss the events of the Revolution and their significance. This book presents the proceedings of that conference. The aim of the contributors is to give the reader a *sense* of the Revolution; not so much of what happened (this he can obtain from general histories) but how it was and what it all meant.

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to me beyond doubt. The sort of isolation to which you refer is of course also felt by others of us who live and work in other circumstances threatened by the domination of mob libertines.

One of the few heartening things about the current situation is the continual high quality of your magazine's reporting—several recent issues have seemed better than ever—and the obvious conviction and determination that you display.

STANLEY G. PAYNE
Professor of History
University of California
Los Angeles

To the Editor: We share your sadness as we have shared your political convictions. We too have found ourselves shut off from people dear to us. We are depressed by the spectacle of so many sophisticated, informed people who feel confident that they can establish rapport and coexistence with Ho Chi Minh while being utterly unwilling to respect and to communicate with friends and colleagues who shared in countless liberal causes.

We have never met, probably never will. In this house for at least thirteen years, Max Ascoli and *The Reporter* have been welcome, warm friends, quoted, treasured (a 1954 issue is on my desk as I write), and read again.

JAMES & IRENE ROCHE
Chicago

IN DEFENSE OF BOURGUIBA

To the Editor: Reading Fred Hauptfuhrer's article "Signs of Strain on Tunisia's Stability" in the January 25 issue of *The Reporter*, one could not help but feel that he missed the point.

Tunisia receives the largest amount of U.S. assistance on a per capita basis in Africa precisely because it has proven its ability to achieve the furthest possible extent of economic and social promotion within the shortest possible time. Twenty-seven per cent of its national budget is devoted to education, and ten years after a hard-won independence, seventy-five per cent of its school-age children are given full educational opportunities, compared with only thirty-three per cent in 1957. No U.S. assistance has ever been channeled outside purely government-sponsored projects, and sound management of the aid has helped bring about a steady economic development.

For all practical purposes the author considers President Bourguiba "a dictator," although I would assume that your readers might wonder how his "dictatorship" could have possibly survived for the past twelve years without, as Mr. Hauptfuhrer points out, maintaining a big military establishment. Such a so-called dictatorship ought to be mighty popular to succeed in such a manner.

FERID EL MOULDI
Press Attaché
Embassy of Tunisia
Washington, D.C.

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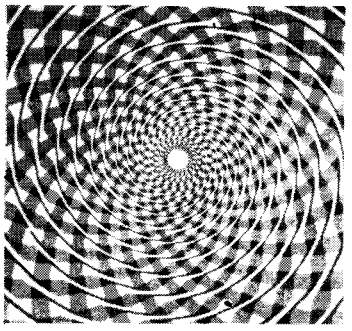

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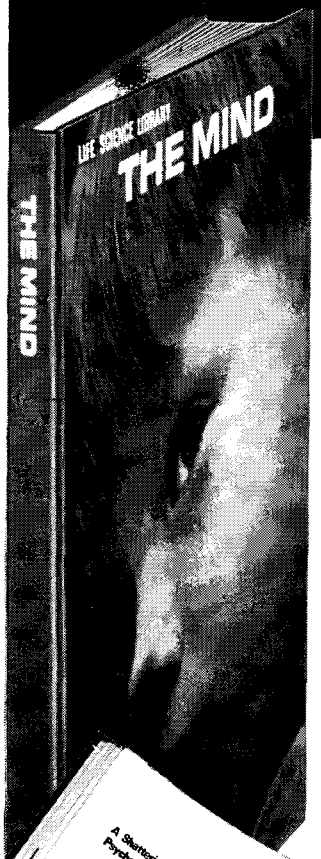

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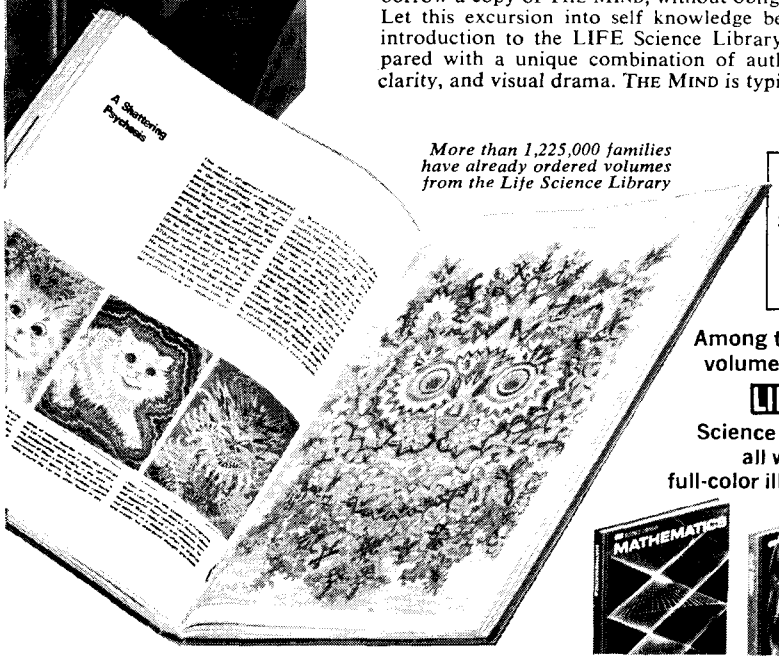

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Conscience of RFK

What a politician has to say is often less interesting than when he chooses or chooses not to say it. We are thinking of the timing of Senator Robert F. Kennedy's sudden and vicious assault on the purpose and conduct of the war in Vietnam, of his decision to assert in the midst of the bloodiest, most unsettled, and perhaps most crucial fighting of the war that the battle cannot be won by us and does not deserve to be.

Why now? As is so often the case where Senator Kennedy is concerned, the answer must be unearthed from an abundance of semireliably half-stated more or less unimpeachable dicta issuing forth from what newspaper readers have come to know as the "Kennedy camp," or—as the New York *Times* lately put it in a rather novel locution—"a source who knows Mr. Kennedy's intentions." These intentions appear to be twofold. The Senator is at pains to restore the faith of those youthful and genuinely disappointed followers who believe he should have challenged President Johnson's re-election in 1968 as witness to the force of his feelings on Vietnam. Now that he has confirmed his support of President Johnson's candidacy, the Senator apparently feels he is in a better position to attack it.

Shortly after Senator Kennedy convened a background session of reporters in Washington to announce for quasi quotation that the period of Miss Clairol politics had ended and that he would not run for office, much less support the efforts of Senator Eugene McCarthy, he authorized staff members to call some newspapers to stress that his decision did not of course mean he would cease his opposition to the President.

He also took to the Johnny Carson show to declare aloud his concern over the disaffection of America's young people, who, he said, were troubled by the nation's "inconsistencies." "It is inconsistent," he observed, "to kill some Communists and sign nuclear [non] proliferation treaties with other Communists." We have no idea whether this "inconsistency" is any more inconsistent than was the simultaneous training of the Green Berets and the negotiation of the test-ban treaty, but it does seem a debater's point and certainly not of overwhelming interest to those young people whose spirits Senator Kennedy wishes to lift. He doubtless came nearer to the point—perhaps nearer than he wished—when he said, "If we weren't so sanctimonious and hypocritical, people would have more confidence in us . . . ."

For what Senator Kennedy has been telling his admirers via his public and private statements is that he fully agrees that their country is engaged in a monstrous pursuit of suspect purpose and possibly fatal consequence, that he will support for re-election the principal villain of the plot, and that he will not undertake a risky political battle against him because it might not succeed. ". . . . I must examine the issue in relation to my concern about my own future, to my own conscience, and my judgment on what can be most useful," he said on January 8. He didn't say useful to whom, but presumably he didn't mean President Johnson or the country whose condition causes him so much agony. While we are a good deal less attuned to the views of those young people than Senator Kennedy is, we have their spirits and their interests in mind when we say we hope they weren't listening too carefully to his efforts to uplift them.

Dirty Politics

It is one of the age-old disadvantages of democracy that election years are marked by maneuvers aimed more at political expediency than at the public welfare. We are sorry to say that Nelson Rockefeller, the brightest name on the lackluster list of Republican aspirants to the White House, has provided a classic example in his handling of New York City's garbage strike.

As we go to press, New York has proclaimed its first health emergency since a polio outbreak thirty-seven years ago and ten thousand tons of garbage a day are accumulating in the streets of what the governor was pleased to refer to as "this great city."

Rockefeller agreed to help out provided his younger rival among GOP moderates, Mayor Lindsay, "admits he's lost control of the situation"—a gracious offer indeed. When Lindsay refused to be blackmailed by an illegal strike and asked the governor to call out the National Guard to clear the streets, Rockefeller's response was (a) to refuse; (b) to obtain the temporary release from jail for consultations of his old supporter and vote-getter, John DeLury, the head of the errant union; (c) to pointedly cut Lindsay out of the negotiations; (d) to set up a mediation board that agreed to terms Lindsay had already rejected.

Hopefully, by the time you are reading this, New York will no longer be choked by the mountains of putrefaction heaped high by political ambition. The stench, however, will remain.

The Spoiler

The name of George C. Wallace won't appear on the ballot in Alabama this Presidential election. Neither will those of the Republican and Democratic candidates. Alabama, alone of the fifty states, offers the voters a choice not of candidates but of Presidential electors, thereby coming closest to the compromise election procedures adopted by the

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Founding Fathers in 1787. To be sure, the ballots in most other states also offer a choice of electors, but few who pull the crank of a voting machine will notice the small legend "Presidential electors for . . ." above the familiar names of the candidates.

Alabama's idiosyncracy is highly appropriate as a symbol of Wallace's intentions, for while he has ringingly stated the ritual words about being in the race to win, he is clearly attempting to take advantage of the flaws in our electoral system. He has no chance of winning the election directly, but in a close contest his votes in the Electoral College could be used as leverage to extort concessions in case neither of the major parties gained the necessary majority. Worse, if the Electoral College were deadlocked, the election could be thrown into the House, where each state delegation would cast one vote for its majority's choice, and where Alaska's one representative would have the same voice as New York's forty-one. One party would need only sixty-one seats—about fourteen per cent of the total House strength—to control the needed majority in twenty-six small states and decide the election.

The House has elected the President twice, Thomas Jefferson in 1801 and John Quincy Adams in 1824. In the latter case, the negotiations took three months and allegedly involved a political deal that put Clay in as Adams's Secretary of State.

Any President who reached office by a deal with George Wallace would be starting out with a serious demerit to his account. But the Republicans seem to think that conceivably something can be gained if the election should end up in the House. They control eighteen state delegations to the Democrats' twenty-nine, with three split. The odds favor an increase in Republican seats this year. Should the G.O.P. be able to hold what it has, it would need only nine new seats—in eight delegations now evenly divided or no more than two men shy of Republican control—to elect a President. The party is, in fact, preparing a special effort in these and other so-called marginal districts. There are twenty-one states where such conditions exist. But even if the

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Republican Party gained as few as five House delegations and if Wallace could hold Alabama and Mississippi among the five Southern states he expects to win, the Democrats would then control only twenty-five delegations, and Wallace would be in a position to bargain.

The kind of thing he wants is clear: abolition of the Federal guidelines on school desegregation, greater control of Federal aid funds, and less Federal enforcement of a wide range of civil-rights legislation.

Whether or not Wallace succeeds in his game, the fact that the 181-year-old rules allow him to play at it is evidence enough that our electoral system is in need of some overhauling. The American Bar Association, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen, and President Johnson are among the many who have urged reform. It is too late to affect the course of events in 1968, but it is not too soon to begin the long process of amending the Constitution.

The Price of Entertainment

To fill the maw of the television industry we have the pseudo event; we also have the pseudo entertainer, and acting characters instead of character actors. The lack of talent and material to meet the demand for entertainment has produced a species of errant garrulity—a professional aimlessness to fill the time. But most dangerous of all, we have the usurpation of the public domain by the genuine, that is to say "popular," entertainer or artist posing as a qualified commentator on national and international events. Raymond Aron, the eminent French political commentator, once complained of being obliged to take part in television panel discussions on subjects —such as cooking or sailing—that he and the other assembled professional personages knew nothing about. "The point is," said Aron, "that on subjects we know little or nothing about our opinions are worthless—so what is the sense of soliciting them?"

For the entertainer who, for lack of talent or time or out of emotional inclination, substitutes garrulity or random discussion for the old formal turn, it is exactly the other way around. He proffers or solicits from colleagues opinions that are worthless on a wide variety of subjects—and nowhere more resoundingly than in the field of politics and foreign policy. It is here that the right of free speech becomes license to kill or generate causes, to assassinate or apotheosize character. The result at best is a kind of ideological manslaughter. The source of this evil is the paradox that lies in the discrepancy between the entertainer's prestige as an entertainer—projected virtually beyond all bounds by television—and his ignorance as a commentator on political events.

This deliberate abuse of the medium and the profession, specifically the piracy of prime time on television on purely emotional grounds for an uninstructed political purpose, has flourished increasingly in the last two years of the nation's continuing agony over Vietnam. In the last month it has become flagrant. The actor-director Paul Newman was asked recently on a panel show what he thought about the charge of such abuse leveled against entertainers. In his answer Newman distinguished between moral and ethical problems —such as the civil-rights issue— where simple humanity and the emotions that arise from it are reliable guides, and what he called "contrapuntal" political issues which demand a great deal of study and sober reflection. What concerned him, he said, was that the magnitude of an entertainer's or artist's prestige carried with it a commensurate responsibility to exercise discretion in pronouncing on political issues. We heartily endorse Mr. Newman's opinion and commend it to those entertainers who are concerned lest they inadvertently contribute to a catastrophe that might well destroy the source of those liberties so easily convertible to license.

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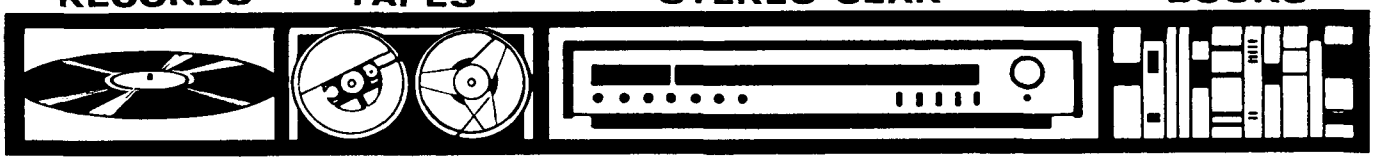

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Khe Sanh and Dien Bien Phu

DENIS WARNER

To most westerners, Dien Bien Phu was simply a battle that lost the Indochina War for the French. To General Vo Nguyen Giap, who won that battle and has now launched his divisions against the allied forces on an all-embracing front ranging from the swamps of the Camau Peninsula to the green mist-covered mountains of Khe Sanh and including every city and town of note in the land, it has a much more complex meaning.

As major battles of history go, Dien Bien Phu was no great shakes. It was no Mukden or Passchendaele or Stalingrad. The French toll was 16,200 troops killed or captured, a cruel blow by any standards but far short of total military disaster. As a battle fought for political gain, however, it succeeded beyond measure for Giap. Diplomats gathered in Switzerland for the first session of the Indochina phase of the Geneva Conference opened their newspapers at their breakfast tables to read that Dien Bien Phu had fallen. The French had lost a major negotiating asset.

As a backdrop to the Geneva deliberations, the long, tragic lines of French Union prisoners began their forced march across the mountains to the coast. Wounded and weary men dropped in hundreds along the jungle tracks and thousands more were taken by sickness and disease. French planes caught occasional glimpses of the limping columns and of new heavy batteries of anti-aircraft guns and artillery rolling down the Tonkin roads from China, whose principal target was the conference table in Geneva rather than the high-flying fighter planes and bombers. "Every Communist must grasp the truth: political power grows out of the barrel of a gun," Mao Tse-tung had dictated. Political shells from Giap's new guns burst among the faltering statesmen of the West and shot them down.

Giap has neither forgotten the lesson nor for a moment abandoned his hopes of another, if different, Dien Bien Phu. He believes that in a small colonial or semi-colonial country such as Vietnam, a war of national liberation should not be

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fought to the bitter end in the field but only to the point where the enemy can be brought to the conference table and there decisively defeated. Politics, in effect, is the logical extension of war. To win a great political victory, however, there must first be a big military success, and of this there has never been a better example anywhere than Dien Bien Phu.

Repetition and Surprise

All recent talk from Hanoi and the National Liberation Front of fighting while negotiating, of a coalition government, and such developments as the united-front policy that was announced by the NLF last August have their origins in the Dien Bien Phu concept. What we are seeing now in Vietnam is history being re-enacted by one of the principals. To carry the general offensive from the jungles and paddy fields into the heart of every city and town while enveloping the U.S. Marines at Khe Sanh is a tactic that differs only in detail from the one Giap employed in the general offensive against the French.

This is not to suggest that it has been without surprise. Giap's military accomplishments, and they are many, have of necessity depended significantly on his use of surprise. Against the French he had neither tanks nor planes. He acquired real artillery support only for the terminal battle at Dien Bien Phu. Circumstances forced him to fight the overt with the covert.

As Giap interpreted French plans in 1953, General Henri Navarre, the French commander-in-chief, intended to concentrate his forces in the Red River Delta of Tonkin during the fall and winter of 1953 with the object of destroying the Vietminh's guerrilla bases and of coupling this activity with a major attack in less firmly held Vietminh zones in the south. Thereafter, if this proved successful, he intended to move his main forces back to the north for a set-piece showdown with the Vietminh battle corps. This was a somewhat more ambitious interpretation of Navarre's hopes than the general would have been tempted to venture himself, but it was basically accurate. In broad outline, the Navarre plan did not differ very substantially from General William C. Westmoreland's campaign to search out and destroy the main-force Vietcong and North Vietnamese units, while Revolutionary Development teams under the protection of South Vietnamese government forces went about the task of pacification.

BY THE SUMMER of 1953, General Navarre had eighty-four mobile battalions under his command, more than half of which were concentrated in the Red River Delta, where a pacification offensive was in full swing. By the fall he had taken the initiative, seizing Dien Bien Phu, the gateway to Laos, and staging a dramatic paratroop action against the Vietminh's main China supply base at Langson.

If Giap had been a more conventional soldier, he would have been primarily concerned to counter the French moves. But he was highly unconventional, and this was a critical moment of the war. By meeting the French challenge in the Delta, he knew he would have run grave risk of defeat. By an immediate attack on Dien Bien Phu with his main forces, he would have risked leaving the way open for French mobile units to invade his own free zones. He decided therefore to seize his own initiative in different fields by wide-ranging attacks against unsuspecting French positions while he prepared carefully and slowly for the Battle of Dien Bien Phu.

Giap struck at and won the remaining French positions near the Chinese border. While the French were still recovering from these shocks, another Vietminh column, working in conjunction with Laotian Prince Souphanouvong's newly formed Pathet Lao, suddenly turned up in central Laos and seized the Mekong River town of Thakhek. The dismay in Saigon was absolute. Worse was still to come. To the French, the jungle-matted and seemingly impenetrable mountains of southeastern Laos were a terra incognita fit only for beasts and the few primitive tribesmen who inhabited it. That a Vietminh division could make its way through this country and emerge to fight was considered pure fantasy. Without warning, however, the Vietminh sprang from the jungle in late December, 1953, and overran a French Union battalion. Other Vietminh battalions marched on the Central Highlands of what is now South Vietnam for attacks on Kontum and Pleiku. Although a decade later there were still many newcomers in Vietnam who refused to believe it existed, the Ho Chi Minh Trail had become a reality. The Vietminh struck here, there, everywhere. Each time a fire

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alarm sounded, General Navarre lost more of his reserves and his hopes for pacifying the Red River Delta. All that remained was the hope of winning a set-piece battle.

Just before Christmas, 1953, a Vietnamese named Nguyen Van Huong, who looked like a beardless Ho Chi Minh and was serving as chief of police in Tonkin, told me that the Vietminh had built a new road to Dien Bien Phu under cover of the jungle and that anti-aircraft guns and artillery were coming in from China. Huong had long been a trustworthy source and friend, and I saw no reason to disbelieve him. But the French Deuxième Bureau dismissed his report as rubbish: General Giap had had no artillery before.

The Final Victory

Above all, Giap had sought consistently to establish and to meet his needs. This time he had learned his needs at Nasam, the dress rehearsal for Dien Bien Phu. Nasam was seventy miles from the Red River Delta, about halfway to Dien Bien Phu. I spent a night there during the opening phase of the attack. Vietminh mortar shells crumped among the barbed wire and trenches by the airfield in the center of a natural amphitheatre that formed the French defense position. Answering French guns brought a trickle of dirt onto the tables in the headquarters dugout, and wine bottles danced and rattled on the dinner table. My hosts had confidence in positional warfare and contempt for "*les jaunes*" skulking in the hills. "Let us catch them in conventional battle," said a French captain, drawing his hand across his throat. "Just give us a set-piece battle and we will beat them every time."

Giap's troops broke through the wire and on the night of November 30-December 1, 1952, it was touch and go. But the Vietminh's heaviest weapon was the 85-mm. mortar and clearly it was not heavy enough. The Vietminh also lacked any significant anti-aircraft capability, and when daylight came French fighter-bombers drenched the hilltop they had won with napalm. The French counted a thousand Vietminh dead against four hundred killed and wounded in their own ranks, and once again the cry was victory.

If a victory it was, it was also the last. When the battle for Dien Bien Phu opened a little more than a year later, Giap had both artillery and anti-aircraft guns and the surprised French were beaten before close-quarter fighting had begun.

DURING the past two years of campaigning on and south of the Demilitarized Zone, Giap has gone through the same sort of trial-and-error period. Starting with light infantry weapons, the North Vietnamese have developed an arsenal that includes some sophisticated barrage rocketry, artillery, flamethrowers, tanks, and the whole family of automatic weapons, and they return to battle each time as a more dangerous force.

At the same time, Giap has succeeded in maintaining a high element of surprise. In the face of concentrated U.S. firepower available

from the air, from the fleet, and from interlocking artillery positions at Gio Linh, the Rockpile, Cam Lo, Camp Carroll, and Dong Ha, the weight and persistence of North Vietnamese attacks through the Demilitarized Zone shocked the Marines and others last summer and fall. In places where the Marines confidently predicted that the North Vietnamese guns would be knocked out in five minutes, they continued to fire and fire through raids of B-52s that came in to wipe out whole map squares.

On balance the victory lay with the Marines. For every man they lost they could count two or three North Vietnamese dead. This is nevertheless both a risky and an expensive way to win. Giap needs no encouragement to try and try again.

A more mobile and aggressive form of defense in the coastal lowlands would have been more in keeping with the Marines' psychological approach to war. They were not trained to become guinea pigs for Giap's trial and error. Yet Khe Sanh and all the rest of this interlocking chain of defense posts have now acquired a significance far beyond their tactical importance. Having been created, they cannot be abandoned. The colors have been nailed to the masthead, automatically conferring the initiative upon Giap, who has nothing here he cannot afford to lose and nothing he must defend. To wonder whether the forces that may eventually be committed to the static defense of Khe Sanh and other positions along the Demilitarized Zone would not have been more gainfully employed in other ways is not to question the U.S. ability to hold them. But Giap's catalogue of surprise is by no means exhausted. His weapons may be expected to reflect a steadily improving pattern, with 152-mm. artillery pieces, anti-aircraft guns, more and better rockets, and more tanks where the terrain is suitable.

Once again, as in the case of the battles waged in Saigon and Hué, Giap's objective here is to use military means for political purposes and by so co-ordinating his three-level offensive with main forces, regional units, and guerrillas that the residual authority of the government of South Vietnam will be destroyed and Washington will be unable to resist pressures to go to the conference table on highly disadvantageous terms.

Predicting the Plot

To their eternal credit, a group of staff officers in Saigon have for the past year been predicting just such a scenario as this and buttressing it, moreover, with hard intelligence which, it must be added, was not always or easily accepted. They watched and accurately reported the buildup on the Demilitarized Zone. They plotted the movement of supplies to buildup areas opposite the Central Highlands and into Cambodia. They observed such developments as a trebled movement of sampans on Cambodian rivers close to the Vietnamese border. Their es-

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timate more than a year ago, confirmed month by month thereafter, was for a major Communist offensive this year. They went further and predicted enough local Communist successes to justify a Communist peace offensive backed by a "victory," which, though illusory in terms of American counteroffensive capabilities, would seek to exploit general war-weariness and disillusionment just as Giap used Dien Bien Phu to such political purpose in 1954.

Only in Giap's current seeming rejection of the doctrinaire Maoist rule of revolutionary warfare—that cities must be surrounded and strangled, not turned into battlefields—is this group likely to have been surprised by recent events. With hindsight, even this now appears as an expedient adaptation of the master strategist's works to suit the local environment.

Days before the Vietminh entered Hanoi to take over from the French in October, 1954, two underground regional battalions suddenly identifiable by their white hats and authority were openly in the streets. No one has ever doubted that Saigon, Hué, or any other South Vietnamese city had a similar apparatus waiting for the signal to perform its assigned task. In the Indochina War, cities could be left to wither on the vine: the struggle was against the French alone. In this war, the Thieu-Ky government shares with the United States and its other allies the status of the designated enemy. To raid provincial capitals and to kill senior officials and to press the attack into the capital and major cities was not merely the best way of striking against the government; it was also an adequate substitute for the war of maneuver used by Giap to dissipate and "fix" French reserves at the end of 1953, a task now made more difficult in conventional ways by American helicopter mobility.

At this stage of the battle when so much is obscure, what is unmistakably clear is the depth of Giap's commitment. There can be no pulling back to fight another day. This is the ultimate bid to win the big military success that Giap counts on to produce the great political victory.

Behind North Korea's New Belligerence

JOSEPH C. KUN

THE MOST IMPORTANT question to be answered about the *Pueblo* incident is what led the North Koreans to carry out their daring and successful raid on a U.S. Navy ship. This question is heightened by the fact that North Korea, in spite of its sizable land forces and its Soviet-built air force, remains a third-rate conventional military power only recently recovered from the destruction of the Korean War. Its factories, hydroelectric plants, railways, and airfields are highly concentrated and vulnerable targets well known to American intelligence. There is, of course, no complete and satisfactory answer; but a close look at North Korea's current position in the international Communist movement, the country's domestic problems, and the views of its leaders on the problem of Korean reunification can give some insight into the origins of the episode.

North Korea's stand in the international Communist movement has been characterized by its striving for noncommitment between the Soviet Union and China. But noncommitment has been elusive because of a variety of factors: the country's size (a territory of only 46,800 square miles with a population of less than thirteen million), its location (the only Communist country besides Mongolia having common borders with both China and the Soviet Union), and its status as a divided country with U.S. forces stationed immediately to the south.

In the face of this American presence, the North Korean régime could only have been irritated by Khrushchev's views on peaceful coexistence as enunciated at the Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party in 1956. Pyongyang-Moscow relations were worsened, too, by Khrushchev's advocacy at the same meeting of the elimination of the cult of personality, which prompted a number of ambitious North Korean Communists to attempt in vain to undermine the position of party boss Kim Il Sung. And in the example of Khrushchev's roughness toward smaller Communist parties such as the Albanian, the North Korean leadership saw a potential menace to the independence of the Korean Workers' Party (KWP).

In 1962, shortly after Albania's expulsion from the Communist com-

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monwealth and under the direct impact of Khrushchev's Cuban fiasco, the North Korean Communists began to follow a pro-Chinese (and consequently anti-Soviet) line. For the next two years or so, they were China's staunchest ideological allies except for the Albanians.

The Soviet Predicament

With the ouster of Khrushchev in October, 1964, North Korean politics entered a new phase. In the emergence of the new Soviet leadership, the Pyongyang régime saw an opportunity to steer the country back toward what it considered to be an uncommitted stand. Soviet military aid was soon resumed, and trade relations between North Korea and the Soviet Union were normalized. But the balance had just been regained when the Chinese Cultural Revolution intervened. Maoist extremism in China and Peking's growing pressure on other parties for ideological allegiance inevitably alienated the North Koreans. Thus, somewhat unwillingly, North Korea began to lean even more toward Moscow, forming closer ties economically, politically, and in party affairs.

This change, however, does not necessarily mean that the Russians are now "in" in Pyongyang. When advising the North Korean régime on delicate political situations such as the one arising from the *Pueblo* seizure, Moscow may have some difficulty in recommending caution, for the dogmatists in Pyongyang would be ready to cite such advice as new evidence of Moscow's inclination "to preach class collaboration and to give up fighting imperialism." In order to avoid that stigma, the Soviet leaders are careful not to take the role of peacemaker. Yet at the same time they must be aware that relatively small incidents may easily lead to regional conflicts or even to a world conflagration.

All this shows that on a number of fundamental issues the differences between the North Korean and the Soviet leaders remain substantial. North Korea continues to profess an attitude of plain hatred toward the United States equaled only by that of Cuba. This policy has been mainly a response to the presence of American troops south of the Demilitarized Zone, which the North Korean leadership apparently believes to be the mainstay of the present South Korean government. Despite evidence to the contrary, Pyongyang seems convinced that were it not for the U.S. troops, the South Korean people would be both willing and able to overthrow the government. Thus North Korea's task is not only to encourage but also actively to stir up the Koreans in the South to opposition against their government and its American ally.

KIM IL SUNG believes that the North should form a "powerful revolutionary base" that would guarantee the eventual reunification of Korea. But in spite of tremendous economic assistance furnished to North Korea by other members of the Communist bloc after the Korean War and the relative success it has achieved in the construction of an industrial base, its economy is still beset with difficulties.

North Korea's siding with China in the Sino-Soviet dispute led to Soviet economic retaliation. The need to build up a domestic weapons industry created by the discontinuation of Soviet military assistance severely affected the country's overall economic development. The ambitious targets of the Seven-Year Plan (1961-1967) remain unfulfilled. In October, 1966, the party openly admitted its failure and, while blaming the difficulties on the Sino-Soviet conflict, announced the prolongation

of the plan for another three years. The building of a defense industry remains the régime's major preoccupation and continues to retard the development of the economy. October, 1966, also marked the beginning of Pyongyang's more belligerent policy toward South Korea. At the party conference held in that month, Kim Il Sung called reunification a supreme national task and an urgent question "that brooks no further delay."

Since then, the time limit has been even more closely defined. "We must accomplish the South Korean revolution, unify the fatherland in our generation," Kim pledged at a session of the North Korean "parliament" last December. "The people in the northern half of the republic should always remember their brothers in the South and be determined to liberate them at all costs. . . . They should be firmly prepared . . . to accomplish the cause of unification by joining hands with the South Korean people whenever called upon to come to their aid as the struggle of the people surges forward and the revolutionary situation ripens in South Korea."

The primary cause for this urgency is Pyongyang's expressed concern over the fact that after more than twenty years of separation, "the gulf between North and South Korea is growing wider in the political, economic, and cultural spheres." In Kim's words: "The national community of our people formed through long history is gradually fading away."

Trained for Action

The stress placed on the speedy reunification of the two halves of Korea at the last conference of the KWP almost immediately resulted in a numerical increase in North Korean infiltrators in the South. But it was not only a matter of numbers: the character of the infiltration activity changed from action-agent espionage into a plainly military enterprise. In newly established training centers in North Korea, handpicked military personnel (preferably with family connections in the South) are being trained to slip into South Korea and to carry out subversive activities ranging from sabotage to assassination.

The band of North Korean infiltrators that was captured some five hundred yards from the South Korean Presidential Palace on the night of January 21 possessed all the characteristics of a well-trained infiltration unit. Among its members were regular officers of the (North) Korean People's Army (KPA). Consisting of thirty-one members, the unit was divided into three teams armed with modern infantry weapons, including anti-tank grenades. It was dispatched

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to assassinate South Korean President Chung Hee Park and other political figures. Unlike the infiltrators into South Vietnam, however, the North Korean teams have found no underground support in South Korea, whose citizens feel they have a stake in their country's development. In fact, they have turned in many of the infiltrators.

Simultaneously with the increase of infiltration activity there has been a noticeable increase in the number of border incidents along the 155-mile-long Demilitarized Zone. According to frequently quoted figures, the number of incidents rose from fifty in 1966 to some 550 in 1967. Significantly, one of the sharpest of such incidents, signaling the beginning of a new phase of activity, took place during President Johnson's visit to Seoul in November, 1966, less than a month after the last KWP conference.

The sudden increase in North Korean belligerence was clearly connected with the changes that occurred in the leadership of the KWP at that conference. Of the eleven full and alternate members newly elected to the Politburo, six held the rank of general. They included such high-ranking military figures as the chief of the KPA's general staff, General Choe Kwang; the director of the KPA General Political Bureau, General O Chin U; and the Minister of Public Security, General Sok San. The Minister of Defense, General Kim Chang Pong, was promoted from alternate to full membership in the Politburo.

What moved Marshal Kim Il Sung and his military followers to adopt such a belligerent policy immediately after the party conference? The stepping up of North Korean infiltration into the South is undoubtedly designed to slow the spectacular economic progress of South Korea and to spread uneasiness and fear among the population. In contrast to the setbacks in North Korea, during the first South Korean Five-Year Plan (1962-1966) agricultural production rose thirty-seven per cent and the gross national product grew some 8.5 per cent a year. Historically, South Korea, with forty-five per cent of the land area and over two-thirds of the population of the peninsula, has been the poorer region. Thanks to some $4.5 billion in U.S. aid and the energy of the people in a revitalized economy, this is not true today, and the picture of progress in the South is rankling to the régime in Pyongyang.

The increase in the incidents along the Demilitarized Zone is aimed at assisting the Vietnamese Communists by diverting the attention of the United States and by making it difficult for South Korea to send additional troops to South Vietnam. And the North Korean Communists take advantage of the incidents they provoke along the Demilitarized Zone to remind their own population of the constant danger of "imperialist aggression," and to demand of them more vigilance, higher work efficiency, and more production.

Creators of Consternation

The bellicose leaders in Pyongyang have on the whole been successful in their calculations. While the damage caused to the South Korean economy by direct sabotage can hardly be measured in absolute terms, the Republic's economy has undoubtedly been strained by the expense of maintaining an army of

550,000 men, an estimated 200,000 more than the North Koreans have under arms. The recent commando attempt on Seoul, the first since the Korean War, was aimed at spreading confusion not only among the population but in the government as well. The growing intensity of infiltration from the North has induced the government to delay any increase in the number of South Korean units already in Vietnam. Further intensification of the raids could even lead to the recall of some or all of the 47,000 Koreans now serving in South Vietnam.

Finally, the partial success of the commando raid has created serious discord between the United States and the South Korean government. The South Koreans resent American preoccupation with the fate of the eighty-two captured crew members of the *Pueblo* at a time when, in their opinion, a much larger issue is at stake. The direct secret negotiations held over the *Pueblo* affair between American and North Korean representatives (from which the South Koreans were excluded) did not strengthen the confidence of the Republic's authorities in the solidarity of its partnership with the United States.

While the seizure of the *Pueblo* was not directly connected with the increase of North Korean infiltration in the South, it was by no means accidental. The North Korean leadership knows that the United States is deeply preoccupied with the war in Vietnam. Already under attack by domestic and foreign critics of the Vietnam conflict, the U.S. administration would think carefully before getting involved in a war with North Korea for the sake of rescuing an intelligence ship and its crew.

The North Koreans did not miscalculate. The seizure of the *Pueblo* took the United States by surprise. And it so happened that this diversion coincided with the Vietcong assault in the cities of South Vietnam. American attempts to prevent the capture, undoubtedly expected by the North Korean military who sent out eight MIG-21s to cover the maneuver, failed to materialize. Whether the capture of the *Pueblo* was a long premeditated action or was prompted by Pyongyang's firm belief that the U.S. intruded into North Korean territorial waters, the ease with which the seizure was executed and the lack of American retaliation can only lead to further experiments in what the Communists call "adventurism" and silence the more cautious elements, if any exist.

The *Pueblo* case has undoubtedly strengthened the influence of the North Korean military. It must also have reinforced their conviction that while involved in a war in Vietnam, the United States cannot afford to open a second front in Korea. But if not a second front, North Korea has now become a second source of major disturbances.

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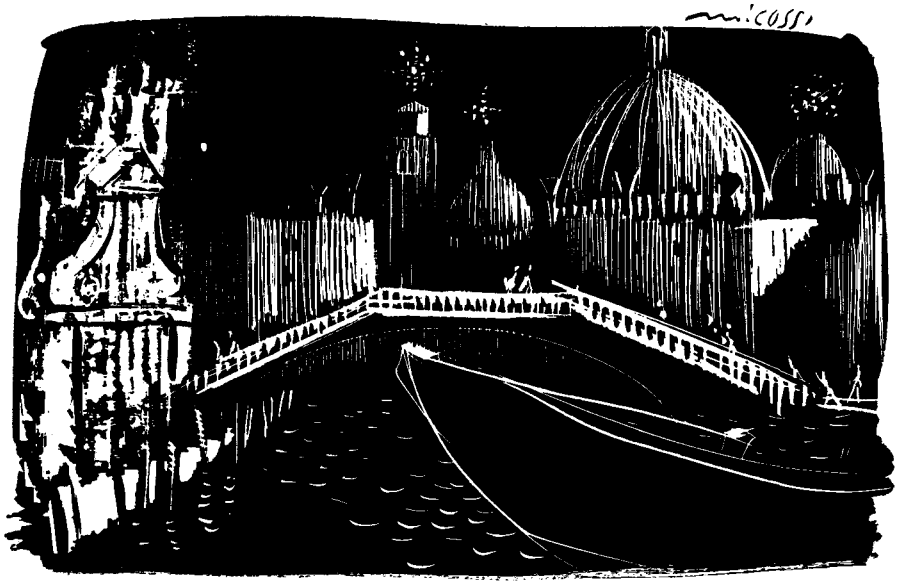

The Tax Man's Guide to Europe

Where Did You Go? Out. What Did You Spend? Nothing.

MEG GREENFIELD

ALMOST EVERY YEAR for the past six years, variations of the program now before Congress to reduce the outflow of tourist dollars to Europe have been debated within the administration. The Treasury Department would think them up, and an interdepartmental committee on the balance of payments would throw them out. In this recurrent drama, which sometimes took place at cabinet level and sometimes was settled in a minor confrontation of deputies, Treasury drew important support from Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara, who believed that equity required a government that was restricting the activities of its military dependents to do something as well about its camera-beslung citizens, who were trotting through Western Europe in ever greater numbers each year.

Vice President Hubert Humphrey, who took part in the proceedings, was the principal fox in the chicken coop. After his election in 1964, Humphrey added his strenuous opposition to that of Under Secretary of State George Ball, who had been tirelessly expressing the State Department's abhorrence of anti-tourism measures over the years on the grounds that they would undermine foreign economies, create diplomatic trouble, and violate the spirit—not to mention the letter—of travel, trade, and other international agreements. Besides, the argument ran, the figures were weak, the politics were pure nightmare, and the restrictions themselves probably wouldn't work. Because President Johnson was sympathetic to their view, Ball and the Vice President were able to head off Treasury on the one or two occasions in the past when it almost succeeded in mounting a war on tourism.

Why did President Johnson change his mind this year? The answer is not that there had been a sudden or even an unusual increase in what is known as the travel deficit—the difference between what foreign travelers spend in the United States and what American travelers spend abroad each year. The great leap backward of several hundred million dollars, which brought the travel deficit to an estimated $2 billion for 1967, gave point to the President's New Year's Day message, but it was well understood to represent primarily the impermanent and atypical effect of Expo 67 on Treasury's books. What led the administration to its decision was a proposition that went like this: (1) a $3-billion reduction in the overall balance-of-payments deficit was required to meet the challenge to the dollar; (2) the maximum restraints that could be imposed on loans, capital investment, and government spending would produce a reduction of only $2 billion; (3) the remainder could either come from tourism or from trade or both, and it would be fatal to move too hard on trade, given the resurgence of protectionist sentiment in Congress and the consequent possibility of undoing the work of the Kennedy Round. Moreover, the administration could hardly give the businessman such a reaming without also doing something to curb tourist profligacy. Thus, a tourism goal of $500 million was set.

ALL THIS was hashed out in a series of meetings of yet another interdepartmental cabinet-level group, which had been put together by the President on the eve of his departure for Australia and which, with the complement of subgroups that it sprouted, tentatively worked out the New Year's Day blitzkrieg while he was away. But so far as tourism was concerned, it was apparent on the President's return that his advisers had only been able to reach agreement on the $500-million goal —not on how to achieve it. Some were ready to incarcerate the nation; others were counseling nothing more stringent than an appeal for voluntary restraint. This dissension, which followed familiar lines of opinion, was one reason the President remained so vague as to what he meant to do in his original message. Another was that preliminary efforts to predict how various measures would work revealed a staggering lack of forethought and information on the part of those who had been promoting them. In addition, it was felt that political self-preservation required sharing the burden of any restraints with Congress and persuading Representative

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Wilbur Mills (who turned out to need anything but persuasion) of the wisdom of keeping the tourist down on the farm.

Thus, between the first of the year and early February, the administration attempted to resolve these and related uncertainties, by way of answering the following question it had set for itself: Without provoking European retaliation, violating international accords, trampling on the rights of man, or being insensitive to the needs of businessmen, students, teachers, and persons with relatives abroad, is it possible to increase the tourist inflow or decrease the tourist outflow in such a way as to reduce the travel deficit by $500 million in 1968, and to do so in a manner that is at once acceptable to Earl Warren, Wilbur Mills, the foreign-flag airlines, the various agencies of the Executive branch, the OECD, the ACLU, and the three million Americans who travel abroad each year and of whose spending habits next to nothing is known? The proposals the administration has now sent up to the Hill represent the best it could do with this question, to which the answer—unsurprisingly—turned out to be: No.

What Price the Feedback Buck?

There is one unco-operative school of thought on this subject which holds that there is no such thing as a travel deficit, any more than there is, say, a cocoa deficit or a sake deficit. Its statisticians, who all seem to be employees of the American Express Company, contend that American tourist dollars enable other countries to buy from us, observing that we enjoy trade surpluses with many nations with which we also enjoy travel deficits. Except in the case of American aircraft purchased by foreign airlines, however, it is difficult to establish "feedback," as it is known, from tourism. And in any event, as Treasury computes these things, there are undeniable deficits in the two principal accounts it aims to change. One is transportation. Foreign-flag airlines now carry about half the American passengers going to Europe, and the carrier deficit alone was about $560 million in 1966. The other is tourist expenditure in Europe and the Mediterranean countries. In 1966, visitors from that part of the world spent $220 million here, while our side spent $920 million there. Since tourism is not a thriving enterprise in much of Africa and Asia, and since (reportedly at Secretary Rusk's insistence) all of the Western Hemisphere was declared off bounds for travel restraints at the outset, it soon became apparent that the $500-million correction would have to be made in transportation or in the Europe-Mediterranean account, or in some combination of the two.

There was also a choice to be made between concentration on inward-bound and outward-bound

traffic, although the element of either/or in their relationship didn't become clear for a time. Customarily in the past, when Treasury would put up its annual losing struggle for travel restraints, the administration would resolve the matter with a resounding reaffirmation of the "Discover America" philosophy that lay behind its feeble effort to attract more foreigners to our shores. To be sure, the puniness of its program was not wholly its own fault, for just as the travel problem is bounded on one side—the taxing side—by Wilbur Mills, so it is bounded on the other by John J. Rooney. It was Congressman Rooney (D., New York), the appropriator and overseer, who saw to it that the United States Travel Service, which is supposed to spearhead the drive for more tourists, rarely got more than $3 million a year, which is $7 million less than Spain spends; and it was also he who did in the USTS's first director altogether for such crimes as dispensing cuff links for a promotional stunt. Still, it is a measure of the administration's own prior seriousness on this subject that the government-industry committee the President said he was appointing to deal with it in January of 1967, and which was to report its findings to him by May, was not even appointed until November and did not hold its first meeting until January of this year.

THAT committee, over which the Santa Fe publisher Robert M. McKinney presides and which is composed of leaders of every segment of the travel industry, became one setting for the administration's effort to negotiate conditions that would make possible an increase in tourism from abroad. And it was in these negotiations, along with others between representatives of the airlines and administration officials in Washington, that the connection between the inbound and outbound programs became fairly plain. Homilies about international understanding aside, a genuine effort to bring more dollar-bearing tourists to this country would require co-operation and concessions on the part of foreign and domestic airlines, other elements of the travel industry, and governments abroad—precisely that configuration of people and interests which would be most adversely affected by a decline in American travel and/or spending overseas. Thus, its spokesmen, although brought to the bargaining table by the threat of a tax that might bring this to pass, could hardly be expected to yield as much if Washington meant at the same time to deal them a terrible blow on traffic going the other way.

Among the basic causes of our travel deficit, Treasury has listed "the cost of transoceanic transportation; the cost of tourism in the United States; and a U.S. travel industry not organized to receive and service middle-income . . . visitors." In other words, getting here may be half the fun, but it costs twice too much. What the administration has sought to achieve in its talks with industry leaders is a collection of measures such as prepackaged tours, differential hotel and internal travel rates, and substantially reduced directional fares, that is, cheaper round-trip tickets for journeys originating abroad. It also sought and is seeking the tacit acquiescence of foreign carriers in a national effort, in which the government cannot openly take part, to get more Americans to patronize the American-flag

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lines. This last operation, if publicly acknowledged, could provoke retaliation and would also be an affront to the membership of the International Air Transport Association (IATA). Since IATA's approval is crucial as well to any reduced directional fares, and since the government could not hope to do well in bargaining with IATA without the support of his own leading flag lines, a rather delicate backstairs situation developed: so far as its efforts to attract foreign tourists were concerned, the administration was largely at the mercy of the industry it was also seeking to penalize.

The Mysterious Visitors

How much co-operation on the part of private industry and foreign governments may have been forfeited by the administration's decision to propose an expenditure tax is not yet clear. It will depend on how vigorously it pursues that tax in Congress and on a lot of bargaining still to come. Indeed, so long as there is a chance that the measure will be modified or rejected by Congress, its introduction could act as a goad to further concessions with a view to getting eventual modification of the tax in return.

But one or two things are already evident. Since the program Secretary Henry W. Fowler outlined to Congress will result—by his calculation—in a reduction of the travel deficit by $350-$400 million, the $100-$150 million to meet the remainder of the goal is presumably to come from the work of the McKinney Committee. There was a point, however, in mid-January when many of those at work on the problem outside Treasury were hoping to do a lot better than that. Indeed, up to the last minute the most optimistic among them were trying to fend off a travel tax of any kind on the grounds that an excise tax, a reduction of the duty-free allowance, and a spectacular program for inner-directed tourism might prove sufficient.

Wilbur Mills and the figures did them in. The Representative from Arkansas—where fewer than six thousand passports a year are issued, as distinct from sixteen thousand, for instance, in Minneapolis-St. Paul—made it obvious early on that the administration's worry about his response had been justified but wholly misconceived. Mills was quick to announce after the New Year's Day message that the "pleasures of Europe" might have to be forgone for a while, and in the course of "consultations" he became so deeply involved in drafting and tightening the proposed expenditure tax that the tax itself became all but impossible to drop.

For those who were trying to circumvent what was on its way to being a joint Treasury-Mills approach, the data weren't much help. There simply was not time nor were there figures to project with any degree of certainty how many Dutch dentists with a disposable income of over six thousand dollars might be tempted by lower air fares and reduced rent-a-car rates to come watch Old Faithful go off. The optimum effect of the optimum program based on the optimum concessions couldn't even be guessed at convincingly. Here the anti-travel tax holdouts (whose number grew with study of the various taxing plans) became entangled in the so-called "elasticity" problem. They were unable to judge the probable impact of their enticements on the Europeans' desire or lack of it for American travel. The elastic, however, snaps two ways, and Treasury's own projections of the savings to be achieved by its program of restraints may well come in for some hostile Congressional scrutiny—since the plain fact is that Washington knows almost as little about the American tourist as it does about his foreign counterpart.

Even as the administration was pursuing its talks with Mills on the one hand and the travel industry on the other, a working group on travel that included representatives from a few concerned agencies was struggling with a number of possible taxes—lump per diem, escalating per diem, progressive head, lumphead, and so on—from which the present measure was to emerge. It was their misfortune to find that the most easily administered (head tax) was the most inequitable, that the least related to the right of travel (currency limitations) was the least practical to administer, and that those which were most acceptable politically (anything with a lot of exemptions) were the least capable of producing any change in the deficit. It was also true that the more constitutional you got, the fewer dollars you actually kept home. The process by which the earlier plans were eliminated goes a certain way to explain, if not entirely to rationalize, the escalating expenditure tax that was finally chosen.

The first to go were the head taxes in all their various guises, not only because they could not be raised high enough to deter the rich without wholly immobilizing the poor, but also because the chances were practically nil that they would survive a test in the courts. The Supreme Court has been quite permissive with the Executive branch where regulations related to foreign economic policy are concerned, but it has been much less amiable about regulations affecting an individual's freedom of travel. Such contemplated measures as an $150 passport fee, a $5 or $6 daily assessment for time spent overseas, and a much higher (thirty per cent) tax on tickets than the five per cent excise recommended all went to the heart of the right of travel the Court has been so assiduously protecting. Being both regressive and of questionable constitutionality, they were ruled out early.

THE PROBLEM then became one of disentangling travel from travel-inspired expenditures and of respecting the former while hacking away at the latter. Limitations on the amount of currency a traveler could take abroad would have required the establishment of foreign-exchange controls and a vast new bureaucratic machine to administer what was intended to be a program of brief duration. Exempting "legitimate" or "essential" travel on the basis of the traveler's profession or bloodlines—businessmen, teachers, students, people with relatives to see—would also have involved enormous administrative effort and would have been par-

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By Fernando Krahn

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ticularly hard to police. As the Internal Revenue Service has reason to know, there are few American males who cannot plead business as the cause of the most improbable expenditures. And who was to decide who was a half-child of whom? Anyway, the travelers whom Treasury was most hoping to clip are famous for their dispersion of many-mansioned relatives. "If worst came to worst," one self-professed jet-set lady told a Washington *Post* interviewer, "I could always stay with my daughter."

In somewhat more generous form, the escalating expenditure tax hove into view as the answer to many of these questions early in January. But a whole new set of questions came in its wake. The daily untaxable sum a traveler might spend, for example, had to be high enough not to offer a built-in incentive for cheating and low enough to deter him from spending. This made it imperative to know who he was and where he went and how much he paid for what when he got there. The administration, for all that it is now talking about the tourist's average daily expenditure as "$16.73 per person," in truth has only the grossest way of calculating these things. Its data are a *zuppa inglese* of figures put together from the partial and often contradictory records of the Passport Division of the State Department, the Commerce Department, the Port of New York Authority, the European Travel Commission, and surveys of the American Society of Travel Agents. The Port Authority figures, for instance, on which it has based some sweeping conclusions about the habits and income of what it calls "two-thirds of air travelers to Europe" or simply "air travelers to Europe," come from a survey of two per cent of over a million passengers who left New York by air between four and five years ago, and who were obliging enough to fill out a form handed them by a stewardess.

Indeed, at the outset of its deliberations, the $5-$6 per diem tax was held in high esteem for its fairness to low-income travelers who presumably made shorter trips—it subsequently being recognized that people with low incomes stayed longer but from day to day spent less than their well-heeled fellow countrymen. And although the escalating expenditure tax was designed in large part to get the jet set, its potential effect on that elusive community is far from predictable. One set of figures afloat on this subject has it that over $400 million of the money spent abroad by travelers each year is spent by eighteen per cent of those who travel. But there is no accurate breakdown of what they spend it on. Conceivably a large part of it goes for goods that can simply be ordered, imported, and disassociated from the traveler's trip.

Pay Now, Travel Later

It is not to say that everyone wasn't trying, to observe that the expenditure tax is freighted with the flaws it was meant to avoid. First there is simple mercy. The administration estimates that the typical traveler with an income of less than $5,000 a year stays abroad for almost two months when he goes and spends

around $10 a day. Assuming that this class of traveler comprised students and foreign-born citizens returning to their place of birth, it envisaged a daily nontaxable expenditure of at least $10 and perhaps $15, which would have left these persons unaffected. However, Congressman Mills preferred a nontaxable sum of only $5, which is how—at the end of some hot bargaining—the figure of $7 came into being. As a result, the worthiest and most impecunious travelers will be socked for a bit of revenue big enough to be painful but probably not to keep them at home.

Then there is administrative complexity. "Before embarking on a foreign trip," Secretary Fowler has said, "each individual would deposit at his port of departure an amount of money equal to the tax he expects to owe . . . he would compute the tax on a 'net worth' basis. . . . On his return, he would make a corresponding statement . . . and leave this with the Customs officials. . . . His formal tax return would be required to be filed with the Internal Revenue Service within 60 days . . ." and so on. The Secretary described the mechanics involved as being "relatively simple," but in view of the demands all this would make on traveler and bureaucrat alike, "relatively" seems to be the key word.

The provision requiring payment in advance points up the administration's inability, which was perhaps inevitable, to separate travel from travel-incurred expenditures and to honor the one while penalizing the other. The purpose of this provision—which amounts to posting bond in order to leave the country—is simply to discourage the traveler from making his trip at all. Similarly, the tax puts a penalty on the act of travel by taxing purchases made abroad at a rate higher than that applied to the selfsame purchase made from within this country's confines—that is to say, a travel tax will have been piled upon the ordinary import fee. And finally, by working out a tax that will have failed precisely to the extent that it produces revenue, since its purpose is not to raise money but to deter an activity, the government has put tourism in a class with other frowned-upon activities it seeks to curtail by means of taxation—such as the import of tariff-protected goods, for example, and gambling.

What Congress will do is very much up in the air. Some are hoping it will at least increase the stingy seven dollars a day if the bill is enacted. It seems doubtful that it would raise it to the fifty dollars a day Congressmen grant themselves for overseas travel. Perhaps a more realistic target would be the eighteen to twenty dollars the administration considers necessary for an official traveling for the government to sustain himself for one day in Western Europe.

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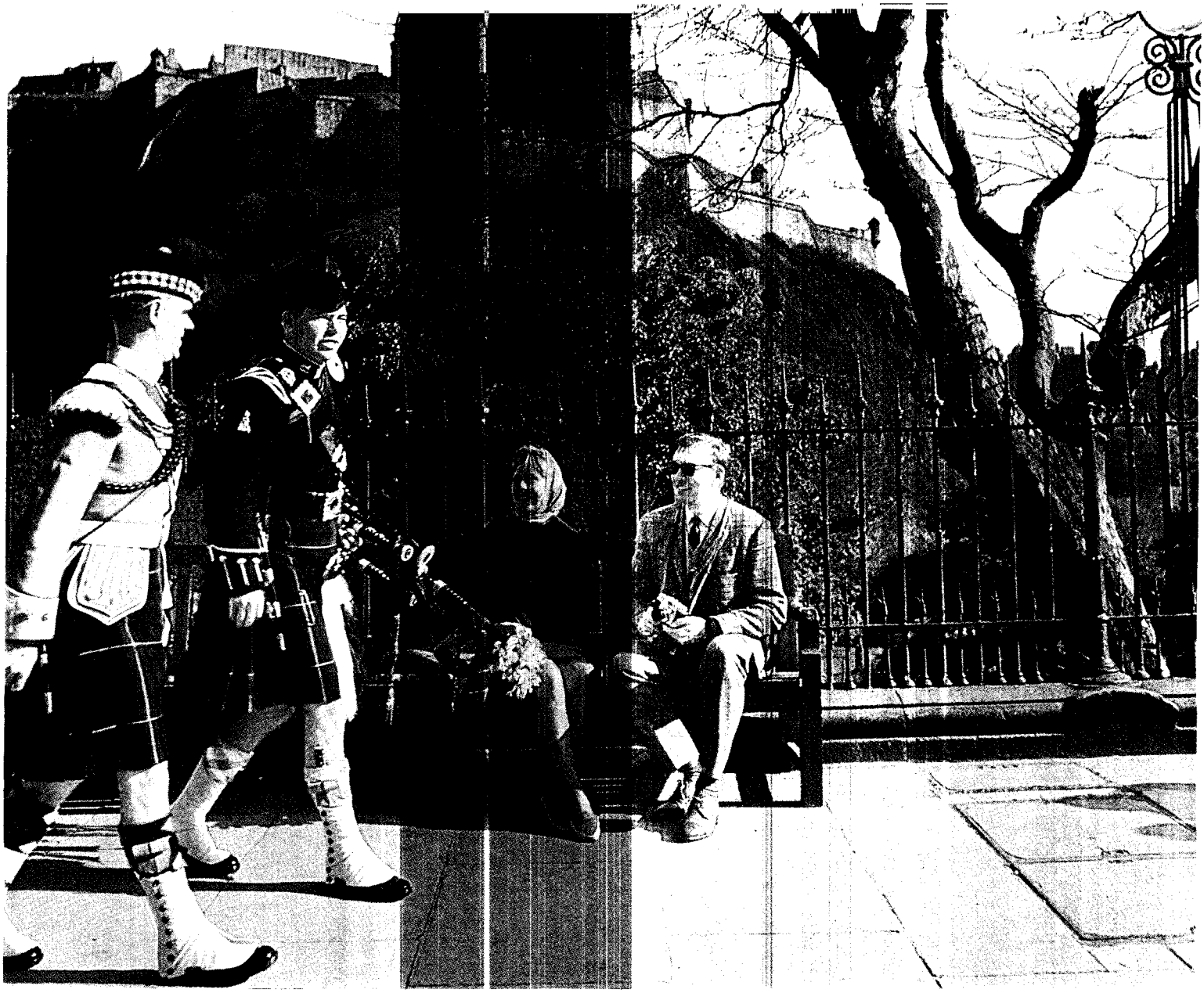

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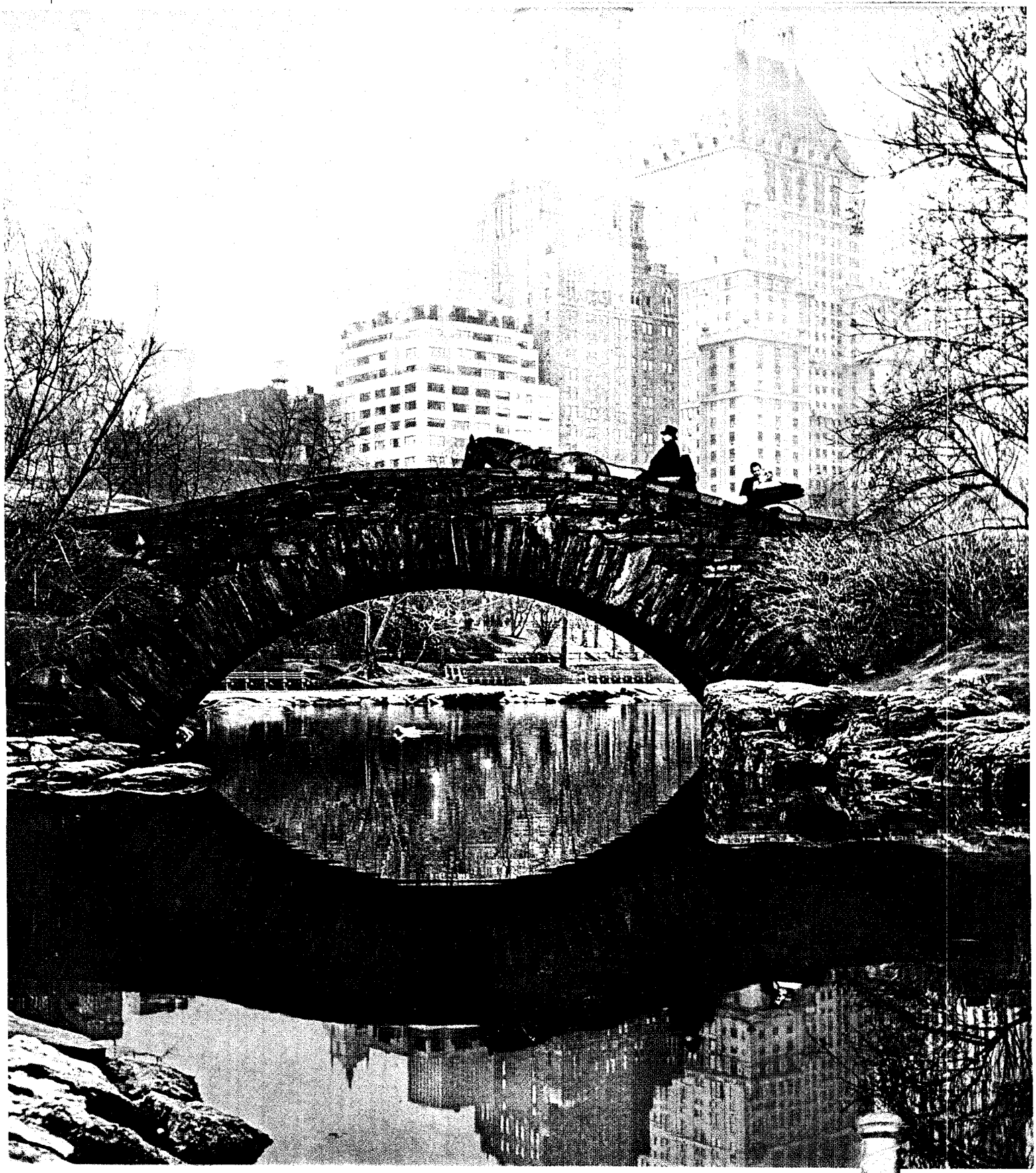

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How the Colonels Trapped the King

BAYARD STOCKTON

ATHENS

To many foreign observers, the astounding fact attending King Constantine II's abortive countercoup against the ruling junta of colonels here on December 13 was the lack of interest displayed by the usually volatile populace. While no one expected a rush for the barricades, it was widely assumed that there would be some outward sign of sympathy for the young monarch. There wasn't. The junta was so confident of the people's mood that it did not even disconnect the city's phone system as it had done during the coup that brought it to power last April.

The upshot of the flight of the King from Athens to the north, where he attempted to rally military and popular support, and his subsequent escape to Italy has been to finish Constantine as a serious contender for power. His dalliance in Rome, the prolonged flirtation with his conquerors in an attempt to return, even the hasty exodus of his family with a reported sixty pieces of baggage and Queen Mother Frederika's two white poodles, do not sit well. An Athenian recently summed up for me curtly the sentiment of many of his embittered compatriots: "The King is an idiot; he lost."

Some people here wonder, in fact, whether the King's plot was really designed to bring back the old system or merely to change the personalities of the new. In the King's eyes Greece was not yet ready to risk a return to parliamentary rule. That might well have meant the return of his enemies, the ousted Premier George Papandreou and his son Andreas, and perhaps a return to the near-anarchy of the summer of 1965. The Palace could not foresee much future for the dynasty in that kind of democracy. It is clear that the chief aim of the royalists was to regain control of the army; the general impression is that a royal dictatorship headed by senior officers cashiered by the junta would have followed.

Baiting the Trap

If it had succeeded, this dramatic attempt "to save the nation" might have made the young sovereign more popular than ever before. After its ignominious failure, the junta does not need the symbol of royalty. Even if Constantine should now return in a powerless role, if he were to displease the junta he could be legally voted out of the country in a suitably arranged referendum on the monarchy. The government will stay in power either by force or by the will of the voters for the simple reason that there is no alternative. The fact is that the political hiatus since April 21 last year has brought the established parties and their leaders into disrepute.

This being the case, speculation here has centered less on the King's future than on the question of how he came to leave. The idea that the December 13 fiasco was the result of a carefully laid plan by the King to get out of a disagreeable situation in which he was rapidly losing popular support as well as the loyalty of close friends and advisers is discredited by subsequent events. Moreover, it is hard to imagine Constantine as a conspirator: it does not fit his amiable, unsophisticated nature. And if such had been his reasoning, it is hard to reconcile the scenes of vacillation in Rome with a desire for an honorable exile. It is far more likely, Athenians believe, that the junta laid a deliberate and co-ordinated trap for the Palace. As for Constantine, he was simply propelled into conspiracy by circumstances and the course of events.

The rough outlines of the royal countercoup were daily gossiped about in the fashionable cafés of the capital from October on. Names, which proved to be correct, were freely mentioned. This open speculation obviously did not escape the Premier, Colonel George Papadopoulos, and his alert security operators. What an opportunity, the colonels may well have reckoned, to remove a bothersome obstacle to their progress! The junta correctly estimated the strength of dissatisfaction with Constantine. They realized he could not—for the sake of appearances—be removed by force. An "honorable" departure would suit them admirably, even though risks had to be taken. The details of the royal ouster would not be hard to arrange, with the junta in control of the situation.

The junta knew all of Constantine's movements. They knew he used his trips to talk to loyal officers. In fact, the King was officially warned that his excursions and conspiratorial meetings were frowned upon. Presumably all Constantine's communications were known to the junta. Indeed, the colonels may well have been able to control what information was allowed into royal hands and added some of their own. There was almost nothing the Palace could accomplish in secret.

It required little maneuvering by the junta to put trusted men in key places well in advance. The

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Third Corps in northern Greece, still on a war footing from the Cyprus confrontation and the strongest by far of the military forces in the country, was the obvious fulcrum for the King's planning. Constantine's military advisers and co-conspirators failed to neutralize these key appointees, even though it is almost certain that their identities were known to the royalists.

Seen in this light, the diplomatic defeat of Greece by Turkey over Cyprus played into the junta's hands by arousing feelings of bruised national pride. The resentment encouraged the King to overestimate the ripeness of the time for his attempt. So did publication in the muzzled Greek press of former Premier Constantine Karamanlis's Paris interview with *Le Monde* condemning the junta. The junta's "reluctant" permission for the publication was probably a deliberate encouragement to the politicians—and to the King.

A VITAL FACTOR in the junta's calculations was that they knew their army. The King did not. He had slipped out of touch—had not visited mess halls and officers' clubs but delegated these tiresome duties to his aides. The army paid lip service to the crown, but the junta had not only purged the greater part of the top-ranking commanders, it also had promised junior officers a better career, free from promotion by political pull. These officers responded with loyalty to the junta. Few were tempted to risk their careers.

Similarly, the junta could estimate the reaction of the navy and air force. Neither had acquiesced in the April coup. Both remained largely loyal to the crown. In the event of a countercoup, these royalist sympathies had to be taken into account —and were. Army tanks and rifles confronted air-force men and planes at the major bases. Some planes took off to drop leaflets on Salonika with the royal plea for support. But no aircraft strafed army tanks or ground positions. Navy units set sail from Suda Bay in Crete but had gotten nowhere useful by the time it was all over. These were minor risks compared to the junta's great advantage—control of the ground.

It has been argued against the theory that if the King's plans and timing had been known in advance, the junta would have put him under restraint. Why risk this gamble simply to get rid of such a harmless though nettlesome symbol? In the event, a better sense of public relations prevailed. The King was allowed to put his plot in motion so that it could fail, and everything—including the availability of the short-wave station at Larissa for the taped broadcast of the King's appeal to the people and to the key personnel in army units the King hoped would join him—was arranged by the junta to assure the conspirators of a chance to fail with maximum resonance.

Premier Papadopoulos has an extensive background in intelligence, and he and other junta members are no strangers to conspiratorial techniques. Papadopoulos did not have all of the army—the fighting units—fully in hand, but he was in control of all, or almost all, army communications. He worked tirelessly at one thing: to get all officers in key positions—particularly in communications—to pledge allegiance to the Masonic order that holds the junta together.

The crucial factor was that the King's military supporters did not get rid of the junta infiltrators, even though they knew who they were. This raises another possibility—that there was a highly developed plot within the plot on the part of the colonels rather than gross miscalculation on the part of the King's men. The evidence suggests that any miscalculation was actively and subtly encouraged by the junta.

Settling In

Since December 13, the junta spokesmen have been careful to speak of "His Majesty" in dignified terms; no suggestion has been made that he be deposed. The dignity, tolerance, and good will the colonels have displayed from the first moment of the countercoup—even the speed with which they have moved politically—serve also to reinforce the theory that they knew what was coming and had planned not only how to meet the threat but how to counteract the inevitably unfavorable reaction to their victory. They have not been domineering in their triumph. Indeed, government business has proceeded without pause for celebration, just as if it had been planned that way.

The government stands guilty as charged in the world press of political repression and deprivation of civil liberties. But as the junta comes to feel itself more securely in control, some vestiges of democratic life may return to Greece. Perhaps more important, the junta has isolated itself; it must itself break out of this isolation and initiate the necessary compromise arrangement.

The timetable for the return of parliamentary democracy was generally known even before the King made his demand for it from Rome. Papadopoulos has promised a referendum sometime between April 21, 1968—the first anniversary of the junta takeover and coincidentally Orthodox Easter—and September 15, 1968. Thereafter, again at an unspecified time, there will be elections. There is now little doubt that the junta will sponsor its own political party.

At Christmastime, there was a flutter of hope that the régime was really trying to make itself socially acceptable internationally by granting an amnesty to all the 2,500-odd political internees on the islands of Yaros and Leros. In fact, only three hundred were released, and these were mostly persons without notable previous convictions who had been indicted for political crimes. The remainder are under "administrative detention," not charged with offenses —and therefore not affected. They are still considered a "danger to the state," reflecting the colonels' phobia about things Communistic or, in this case, oppositionistic.

Even their most dedicated opponents admit that the colonels are honest if misguided, and in their own way well-meaning. Public admissions in recent months of mistakes made, and a retreat from justification of the April 21 coup as a necessary anti-Communist move, indicate some mellowing of the leadership. The revolution is now claimed to have been made necessary by the internal convulsions of inept governments and bureaucracy. The amnesty and departure of Andreas Papandreou, once a far greater danger to the King than the junta, and the recent release of the

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ailing composer Mikis Theodorakis are evidences of this. But the day of civilian courts, complete political freedom, and true opposition is probably distant.

Greeks and foreigners are beginning to show more than grudging respect for George Papadopoulos, the *primus inter pares* among the colonels. His intelligence is unquestioned, his adroitness proved; he has shown restraint if not statesmanship. It is quite possible that he did not covet the premiership, which was first offered to former Defense Minister Gregory E. Spandidakis, who temporized and was abruptly dropped from the junta. Before the coup Papadopoulos was known as a popular officer, a comer with an exemplary record. Today he strikes one as a forceful man, but still modest.

THE JUNTA has dismissed not dozens but hundreds of senior officers to make way for the young and ambitious in the lower ranks. Some sixty senior officers have so far been removed since December 13 on suspicion of sympathy if not support of the King. If a military take-over is inevitable, it is preferable to have the coup carried out by the army hierarchy itself so that at least the army will remain intact. The "revolt of the colonels" of April 21, however, was carried out *against* the hierarchy proper: Papadopoulos took the head off the army. It seems highly improbable now that the severed head will regain control of the body. Instead, there is something like a split developing in the body of the army. The National Revolutionary Council, in addition to the triumvirate, includes among its ten members the "secretaries general" or subministers. The most important of them is Colonel Ioannis Ladas of the Public Order Department, who is the de facto leader of the extremist wing of the junta, the "captains" of the forty-member National Revolutionary Committee. There is thus the unpleasant but not immediate prospect of a long series of coups and countercoups within the army. For the present, however, Papadopoulos is in control; he has nothing to fear from Stylianos Patakos, Interior Minister and formerly the ranking member of the triumvirate, or from Nikolas Makarezos, the technician in

charge of the economy. Also, one of the "captains" of the National Revolutionary Committee is Papadopoulos' brother, who conveniently commands the strike garrison in the mountains behind Athens. This force is always poised in case of trouble in the city: these were the troops that moved into Athens on December 13. But there are a number of sorcerer's apprentices on the loose within the army, younger field-grade officers (militarily on a par with the colonels) who demanded parity in government with the triumvirate. This was why the colonels retired themselves—to be able to say to their would-be rivals, "Resign your commissions in the army and we will see if we can find a place for you in the government."

Winners and Losers

One loser in the wake of the countercoup is Athens society. Greece is a poor country that lacks most of the graces of western civilization. But the rich, led by the monarchy, patronized the arts and gave a gloss of animation to the capital. The salons where national policies were freely discussed, and at times decided, exist no more. The colonels feel awkward at cocktail parties. The Athenian today wisely concentrates his energies on making life go along as well as possible. He shows his uncertainty outwardly only in trimming drastically what he spends on luxuries.

The only threat to the junta that is in any way predictable is economic, even though a budgetary surplus is predicted for fiscal 1968. Greece has been exempted from the restrictions on U. S. capital outflows imposed by President Johnson, and if foreign investment is forthcoming after a period of stability, the junta and Greece will benefit. In addition, the nation relies on income from shipping, tourism, and remittances from Greeks abroad to offset its trade deficit. Given stability, 1968 could be a bumper tourist year; there are few signs yet that Northern European sun worshipers and American tourists will deliberately stay away.

Shipping magnates who want to stay on the good side of the government of the moment will probably continue to bank at least a portion of their earnings in the motherland. There have been no tangible signs of a lessening of the inbound monetary flow, although Greek workers in West Germany are thought to be sending back only what is necessary for their families to survive.

Indeed, the only element of the pre-April 21 scene to emerge seemingly unscathed is the so-called "economic oligarchy" of Athens. Business has been favored by the junta, especially with tax benefits. Makarezos, the economic expert, appears to be a firm believer in free enterprise. His recently announced Five-Year Plan is based on the co-operation of big business. The junta is aware of its lack of experience in commerce and industry and its consequent dependence on the good will of the business community, particularly in view of the government's grandiose economic aims. But there is also an implied threat: if the community does not co-operate, the system may change in the direction of state socialism.

THERE HAS BEEN some talk of a western boycott of Greece to put pressure on the junta. It would be shortsighted. The colonels might suffer, but the people of the country, whose standard of living is still well below the European average, would suffer far more.

For strategic-political reasons as well as economic ones, many governments seem ready—as in the case of U.S. normalization of relations—to make the best of a distasteful situation.

There is one blessing, a result compatible with the almost eerie apathy that pervades the land: not one drop of blood has been spilt.

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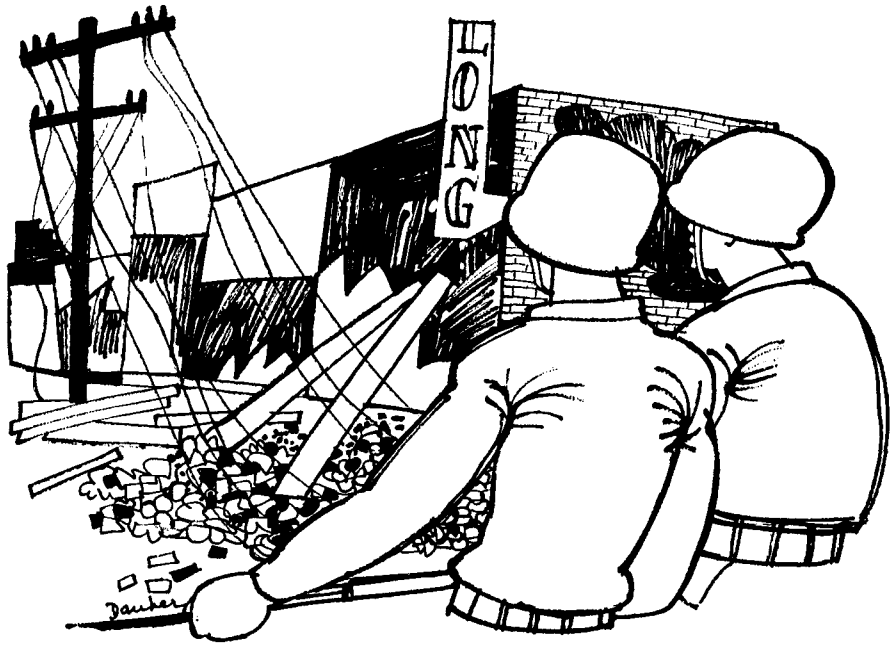

Analyzing Detroit's Riot: The Causes and Responses

IRVING J. RUBIN

In a few weeks, Governor Otto Kerner of Illinois, chairman of the National Commission on Civil Disorders that was created by the President last summer, will release his group's recommendations on ways to redress the grievances and relieve the tensions that blazed into the urban riots of 1967. Kerner has said that the report will be "uncomfortable" for many Americans; he has also said that the major recommendations of the report will deal with jobs, education, and housing. This is an indication that the Kerner Commission, like the earlier McCone Commission inquiry on Watts, assumes that the Negroes who participate in riots are primarily young people and dropouts, the uneducated and unskilled, the jobless, and the ill-housed.

This assumption, which has become conventional wisdom about rioters, has been called the "riff-raff" theory by Professor Robert M. Fogelson of Columbia. He criticized the McCone Commission for taking this line in the face of evidence that the majority of Watts rioters were not teen-agers but young adults, better educated than their peers, employed, and resident in Los Angeles for at least five years. The participants in the Detroit riots of 1967 did not conform to the riffraff stereotype either. By a fortunate circumstance, detailed data on the inhabitants of the Detroit riot areas are available. They were collected as part of a survey of the metropolitan region made by the University of Michigan Center for Urban Studies for the Detroit Regional Transportation and Land Use Study, of which I am the director. And they have been supplemented by statistics on persons arrested during the riots, gathered by the Urban Law Center of the University of Detroit and other responsible sources. The profile of the Detroit rioter that emerges from these data supports the evidence of Watts and other cities and indicates to me that solutions based primarily on improving schools, housing, and employment opportunities for urban Negroes are not responsive to the deeper needs behind the violence. They are the *comfortable* solutions, the things that our society knows how to do best, when it chooses, but they are not what the riots are all about. What is disturbing to me about the data we have collected—which has been available to both national and local bodies investigating the riots—is the absence of evidence that the message of the findings has got through.

Who Are the Rioters?

There are 600,000 Negroes in Detroit and some twenty-six per cent of their households have incomes below the poverty level. The majority of these poor live in the deep core of the city, which was not the scene of the riots. These are obviously the people who most need direct aid to improve their lot, but the best evidence suggests that relatively few of them took part in the violence. Who then were the rioters?

In the main riot areas, according to our survey, the median annual income of Negro households is $6,200. This is only slightly lower than the figure for all Negro households in Detroit, $6,400, and not far below the median white household income of $6,800. (About a third of all Detroit Negroes, including those who are better off than most, do not live in either the poverty or the riot areas).

A comparison of characteristics bearing on the family stability of Negroes living within the riot area with all Negroes in Detroit shows relatively little difference in most respects. The percentage of households with male heads (76.7) and of household heads who are married and living with spouse (67.1) is about the same. The proportion who own or are buying their homes is forty per cent in the riot area and forty-five per cent for Negroes in the city as a whole. (Sixty-nine per cent of whites in Detroit own or are buying their homes.) Forty-two per cent of Negroes in the riot area and forty-three per cent in the entire city have lived at their present address five years or more. Educational attainment of Negro household heads—forty-five per cent were high-school graduates or better—is higher in the riot area than throughout the city. Seventy per cent of Negro households in the riot area have autos available,

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compared to sixty-five per cent for all Negro households in Detroit.

Negroes living within the riot area are substantially better off in every respect than Negroes who live inside the deep core. They also are somewhat better off than the whites who live in the riot neighborhoods.

ALTHOUGH it seemed reasonable to assume that the characteristics of the rioters were similar to those of the riot-area residents, the picture that emerged was so at variance with the conventional assumptions that additional, more direct data on those arrested seemed to be necessary. These gradually became available from several sources, and they tended to confirm the general picture.

Detroit Police Department arrest records show that only ten per cent of the Negroes arrested were juveniles; eighteen per cent were between seventeen and nineteen years old, twenty-four per cent between twenty and twenty-four, seventeen per cent between twenty-five and twenty-nine, and thirty-one per cent over thirty. The Urban Law Center's survey of 1,200 non-juvenile male arrestees shows that eighty-three per cent were employed, forty per cent of them by the three major auto companies and an equal percentage by other large (and mostly unionized) employers. No income data were gathered, but annual wages of $6,000 and more can be assumed. Forty-five per cent of the male arrestees were married, and eighty per cent of them lived with their spouses. Two-thirds had no previous criminal convictions, and an additional twenty per cent had one previous conviction. Only about half as large a proportion owned or were buying their own homes as for all Negroes in Detroit—the only characteristic in which the arrestees differed significantly from the "average young Negro male."

Programs in the areas of jobs, housing, and education are, of course, vitally needed in Detroit, as elsewhere. Yet these are in danger because many politicians anticipate popular opposition to, or are themselves against, anything that might appear to "reward" the rioters. This is ironic, since such programs would actually reward the non-rioters. The overwhelming majority of the rioters had good jobs, few would be eligible for low-cost housing, and only a small proportion were of school age.

It becomes increasingly clear that the strident declarations of Negro militants and the more reasonably stated interpretations of increasing numbers of Negro moderates are accurate: the riots were an outburst of frustration over unmet demands for dignity and for economic and political power. They were a tragic, violent, but understandable declaration of manhood and an insistence that Negroes be able to participate in and to control their own destinies and community affairs.

How to Help?

As de Tocqueville put it long ago, "Only consummate statecraft can enable a king to save his throne when after a long spell of oppressive rule he sets to improving the lot of his subjects. Patiently endured so long as it seemed beyond redress, a grievance comes to appear intolerable once the possibility of removing it crosses men's minds. For the mere fact that certain abuses have been remedied draws attention to the others and they now appear more galling; people may suffer less, but their sensibility is exacerbated."

Last summer brought just this kind of lower-middle-class rebellion. Such rebellions can be put down temporarily with more police and

guns and fire engines and tear gas, but to eliminate the tension, frustration, and hostility that underlie the violence, the nation must demonstrate to the Negro who has met his basic material needs that equality of opportunity is a fact and that we will deliver on our promises.

Certain specific actions, in addition to programs designed for large and low-income families that will provide decent jobs and training, educational improvement, and an adequate supply of housing, are needed now for the restive lower middle class:

¶ A massive effort to sensitize white Americans to the true nature of our society as it has affected the Negro.

¶ The enactment of open housing laws. These will probably not have a material affect on living patterns for many years, but will have an immediate symbolic value.

¶ Raising the salaries and training standards of police.

¶ The allocation of funds from nongovernmental sources to enable neighborhood organizations to hire experts both to plan and carry out their own programs and to evaluate and respond effectively to those of governmental agencies.

¶ Conscious avoidance by whites in leadership positions of any actions that might be interpreted as efforts to select leaders for the Negro community or control Negro organizations.

¶ Changing local government where necessary to enable "the people" to exercise a more effective voice, perhaps by increasing the number of seats on "at large" city councils and providing for election of the added members from districts.

¶ A similar direct representation on boards of education, even more closely related to the concept of self-determination.

¶ Neighborhood centers must be provided—not associated with any poverty program—where citizen complaints about all departments and agencies of Federal, state, and city government can be heard, referred to the proper agency, and followed up.

¶ The provision of low- or no-interest loans coupled with training and continuing counsel to enable more Negroes to become entrepreneurs.

These are a few steps—in addition to accelerated anti-poverty measures—which I believe constitute the minimum necessary. If we deal only with housing, education, and jobs, we are sowing the seeds of even greater trouble, because we will be placing more and more Negroes in a better position to realize how empty these are without dignity and a meaningful degree of control over their own destiny.

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The Domestic Program Congress Won't Cut

ROBERT HAVEMAN and PAULA STEPHAN

IN ITS DRIVE to cut Federal spending for domestic programs, Congress has shown little enthusiasm for paring from the pork barrel the inefficient navigation, flood-control, and hydroelectric projects in the various states that are planned and executed by the Army Corps of Engineers. Last year, Congress appropriated more than $1 billion for the construction of some 450 water-resource projects. Earlier it had overturned the Corps' own commendable efforts at benefit-cost criteria reforms that would have saved the taxpayers money and had written into law a set of evaluation standards so loose that nearly every stream big enough to require a bridge may qualify for large Federal appropriations.

Even Representative Wilbur Mills, the Arkansas Democrat who more than any other man in Congress symbolizes the budget-cutting mood, loses his passion for economy when it comes to eliminating some of the most inefficient of these expenditures. While Mills isn't satisfied with the depth of the cuts in President Johnson's new budget, there is no evidence that he will push for decreases in the Corps of Engineers' share. This will be no surprise. When the Eighty-ninth Congress acted to nullify the Corps' improved project evaluation standards, Mills, far from objecting, voted with the majority.

Indeed, one of the largest and most inefficient Corps undertakings is the $1.2-billion Arkansas River Project for the creation of a 516-mile barge channel from the Mississippi to Tulsa, Oklahoma. After this was approved, Mills praised "our good neighbor," Representative Ed Edmondson (D., Oklahoma), for pushing it through when Arkansas had no member on the Public Works Committee. Under the Corps' improved criteria, that project might never have come into being. Some economists expect the channel to generate so little traffic that it will be better not to use it after it is constructed, so as to save the cost of maintenance and upkeep. Another proposed Corps of Engineers job, the Trinity River Project linking Fort Worth with the Gulf of Mexico, has such uneconomical aspects that some Texans have suggested that it might be cheaper to move the city to the ocean.

The short, unhappy history of the Corps' attempt to improve its benefit-cost criteria provides a clear picture of Congressional unwillingness to assure efficiency in the public-works program.

SINCE the 1930's, appropriations for inland navigation projects have been made by Congress after it has the Corps' statement that the economic benefits to the nation are expected to be at least equal to project costs—a computation reached by comparing the value of the labor, capital, and other resources required to provide transportation on the waterway with the value of the resources needed to provide transportation by another means, usually rail.

In estimating the benefit to the entire nation of a proposed waterway, there are a number of ways to exaggerate its real worth. One is to measure the savings in terms of the difference between rail and waterway *rates* instead of in terms of the difference in transport *costs*, which more accurately reflect the possible national benefit. Since ineffective regulation by the Interstate Commerce Commission has permitted rates to exceed costs on railroads by more than waterway rates exceed costs, this practice yields a bloated estimate. A second means of exaggerating benefits is to overestimate the amount of traffic that will use the waterway by ignoring the probability that rail rates will fall because of the waterway's competition and improved rail technology. Both of these practices lead to the inclusion in the benefit estimate of gains to barge users—mainly oil, steel, and coal companies. But since these gains are offset by losses to other shippers, they are not real benefits. When they are added to the benefit estimate, the total clearly overstates the waterway's true worth.

Until 1960, the procedures employed by the Corps for calculating waterway benefits incorporated both of these practices. That year, the Corps undertook a major revision of its procedures. Real national benefits were to be measured by using cost reductions (in terms of national resources saved) to estimate transportation savings, and future rates reflecting the competition of the waterway to estimate traffic.

However, under pressure from Congress to approve more projects, the Corps was unable on short notice to develop a reliable method of estimating future rail costs. So as not to sacrifice all its improvements, the Corps in 1964 formulated an interim procedure to be used "until acceptable data for consistent application of the cost basis" could be developed. This allowed for use of rates if cost estimates were not obtainable. While obviously a political compromise, the interim procedure was based on the proposition that true benefits had to be defined in terms of savings of the nation's resources. Consequently, it did assure that the traffic and benefit estimates would not be arbitrarily bloated.

But even this compromise met a most unfavorable reception on Capitol Hill. Representative Edmondson described it as a "danger" to which "every American who is interested in the continual development and improvement of our rivers and inland waterways should be alerted at once." Representative Kenneth Gray (D., Illinois) was "appalled" by "such stringent criteria." Others defended the old procedure by noting that easily measurable data on current rail rates, even if wrong, are preferable to data more difficult to secure, even if correct.

Finally, some Congressmen argued that an objective of waterway construction was to lower railroad rates by providing more competition and that the use of current rates would help to attain this objective by justifying the construction of more projects. No one bothered to ask whether there might not be a cheaper way

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of regulating the railroads than by the construction of billions of dollars' worth of half-used waterways.

In 1966, when the administration submitted a bill creating the new Department of Transportation, a further attempt was made to ensure the application of sound economic criteria to transportation projects. Section 7 of the bill would have required the Secretary of the new department to develop "standards and criteria consistent with national transportation policies, for the formulation and economic evaluation of all proposals for the investment of Federal funds in transportation facilities. . . ." This provision was consistent with the President's 1965 Executive order calling on all Executive agencies to develop program planning and budgeting systems of the type pioneered by Secretary McNamara in the Defense Department.

Hearings were held by the Senate Committee on Government Operations under the chairmanship of John McClellan (D., Arkansas). From the outset, the Senator mounted an attack on Section 7, and its amendment virtually came to be McClellan's price for allowing the Transportation Department to be formed. He badgered the acting chief of the Corps of Engineers, who testified in support of the administration version; he took testimony from a formidable array of waterway lobbyists who decried the evils of the new Secretary's anticipated support of the improved Corps procedures; he ignored the recommendations of the Corps, the Bureau of the Budget, the Comptroller General, and independent transportation authorities in support of the proposed Section 7.

The result of these hearings was a revised section, which forced the Corps to revert to the arbitrary pre-1960 evaluation procedures, and which McClellan referred to as "my amendment." In fact, it was a word-for-word adoption of a suggested amendment introduced into the Senate hearings by the waterway lobbies and barge-line interest groups. These groups were led by the National Rivers and Harbors Congress (of which Senator McClellan was at one time president and Representative Edmondson is a director) and included, among others, the Mississippi Valley Association, the Arkansas Basin Development Association, Inc., the Coosa-Alabama River Improvement Association, Inc., the Florida Waterways Association, the Trinity Improvement Association, and the American Waterways Operators, Inc.

On the floor of the Senate, only William Proxmire (D., Wisconsin) supported the improved procedures. He stated: "Now that the Corps has implemented a system which more accurately measures future benefits it is only natural that it should come under fire from legislators who are threatened with the loss of multi-million-dollar projects. . . . I believe it is high time someone spoke out in support of the Corps efforts to spend our tax dollars wisely. . . . The very purpose of benefit-cost analysis is to eliminate those projects which imply a waste of the society's resources. To plead for a return to an erroneous measurement technique because it yields a greater public works program is, quite frankly, to plead for an increase in uneconomic and wasteful government expenditures."

Proxmire's defense had little impact. On October 13, 1966, Congress passed the Transportation Act containing the amended Section 7. Senator Karl Mundt (R., South Dakota) called that amendment "one of the most important changes which we made."

Since then, there has been little action to divert resources from the wasteful dredging of nine-foot channels to nowhere. Indeed, in the fiscal year 1969 budget submitted last month by an administration acutely aware of the Congressional mood, the proposed Corps appropriation is about three per cent below its 1968 level while the budget for the Office of Education, for example, has been cut by over seven per cent. Having opened the gate for a procession of monumental white elephants by passing Section 7, Congress shows no inclination to close it.

Censorship and Apartheid

PAUL BLANSHARD

"Welcome to the happiest police state in the world," South African Prime Minister Balthazar Johannes Vorster often says jokingly in greeting foreign correspondents. Happiness itself, and all that conduces to it in South Africa, is only for the white fifth of the population. The more than twelve million blacks may not vote in any national election, sit in the national parliament, work outside their reserves without a permit, remain in the white man's cities for more than seventy-two hours without his permission, form recognized labor unions or go on strike, send their children to school with white children, attend a white man's theatre, use a white man's urinal, ride on the same railroad coach with a white man, or even buy a postage stamp from the same post-office window.

But they may read—if they have been fortunate enough to acquire reading skills. One of the astonishing paradoxes of South Africa is that there is more freedom for critical discussion of apartheid in the English-language South African press than there is for anti-fascist propaganda in Franco's Spain or for anti-Communist propaganda in the Soviet Union.

Although the opposition newspapers are harried by the Nationalist government in countless ways and are frequently denounced as disloyal, they are not suppressed. They may publish completely candid *general* denunciations of apartheid so long as they do not quote from any anti-apartheid leader who has been banned by the government or advocate measures that clearly incite to violence. The great English-language newspapers of Cape Town and Johannesburg take advantage of this limited permissiveness to attack apartheid in blistering editorials and still more blistering personal letters from aggrieved citizens. (The

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letter to the editor is the classic way of blowing off steam in South Africa.) Their attitude toward government suppression of free speech was well expressed by the *Cape Times* when the present system of literary censorship was being debated in the South African parliament in 1963: "Is it possible to imagine anything more humiliating than that educated adult South Africans should have their reading and seeing vetted for them by a committee of old women of both sexes appointed by some politician or other?"

In spite of this opposition, the "committee of old women of both sexes" finally took shape as the presently operating nine-man Publications Control Board, an autonomous federal body functioning under the Minister of the Interior with broad powers of censorship over books, magazines, plays, films, and radio programs. Its head office is in Cape Town, the country's legislative capital, and its staff works in close co-operation with the nation's customs authorities, who have some independent power to exclude "undesirable" imports.

The calling of official censor does not attract men of outstanding liberal inclinations. Although the South African Publications Control Board includes a number of learned university professors, predominantly Afrikaans-speaking, who frequently read the books and see the films they ban, most of the detailed examination of books, magazines, and films is done by lowly subordinates who do not necessarily have any special fitness to judge literature or anything else. Cape Town was amused last April when the lone Progressive leader in parliament, Mrs. Helen Suzman, extracted from the government in answer to a parliamentary question the admission that the most prolific and highly paid reader on the staff of the Board of Publications was a lady without a high-school diploma who happened to be the mother-in-law of a cabinet minister.

The Double Standard

The great majority of the eleven thousand-odd book titles already banned by the South African government fall into the category of works that might "pervert" the minds of the blacks because they discuss race or violence or are sexually provocative by Calvinistic standards. Paperbacks are scrutinized with particular care because they are cheap enough for the black man's pocketbook.

The members of the Publications Board quite openly apply a racial double standard in judging books. One member told me, "We have three grades of censorship: one for English-speaking people, which is very liberal; one for Afrikaans-speaking people, which is more strict; and one which is very, very strict for the nonwhites, especially for the cheap books." Under the customs laws, any imported book or magazine purchased by a bookseller for seventy cents or less may be held up as "undesirable" by customs officials. Often the more expensive cloth-bound editions of the same material are not banned.

The "very, very strict" standards of exclusion for nonwhites are said to cost the booksellers of South Africa about $180,000 a year in losses suffered from the suppression of nonreturnable items that have been excluded from the retail trade after arriving in the country. Booksellers can never tell in advance when a work permitted in hard cover will be banned in paperback. It is not surprising that books involving racial candor, banned for both whites and blacks, include *Invisible Man,* by Ralph Ellison; *Kingsblood Royal,* by Sinclair Lewis; *Shadow Over Africa,* by Michael Scott; *Independence for Africa,* by Gwendolen Carter; *Native Son,* by Richard Wright; *Stride Toward Freedom,* by Martin Luther King; and *Here I Stand,* by Paul Robeson. But it is less easy to predict that Hemingway's *Across the River and Into the Trees,* Dos Passos' *Adventures of a Young Man,* Zola's *The Beast in Man,* and Sartre's *The Age of Reason* should be permitted in cloth bindings but banned in paperback.

The censors are especially wary of anything with the words "sex" or "black" in the title. One customs official held up all copies of *Black Beauty* until he was told that the blackness pertained to a horse. Senator Robert Kennedy suffered from the same mania when he visited South Africa in 1966 and wrote a thoughtful article for *Look* under the title "Suppose God Is Black."

THE BOARD'S most powerful weapon in suppressing books is a provision in the law saying that "A publication shall be deemed to be undesirable if it or any part of it is indecent or obscene or is offensive or harmful to public morals." The "any part" phrase can be used to banish any work, even of high literary merit, if it contains one offending four-letter word. The Board of Publications has banned hundreds of books permitted in the United States, including all editions of *The Group,* by Mary McCarthy; *The Wayward Bus,* by John Steinbeck; *Herself Surprised,* by Joyce Cary; *Borstal Boy,* by Brendan Behan; *The Woman of Rome,* by Alberto Moravia; *From Here to Eternity,* by James Jones; *Butterfield 8,* by John O'Hara; *A Certain Smile,* by Françoise Sagan; *Rabbit Run,* by John Updike; *The Adventures of Augie March,* by Saul Bellow; *Lolita,* by Vladimir Nabokov; and *The Grass Harp,* by Truman Capote. (As in Ireland, the two American authors who seem most favored by the censors are Erskine Caldwell and James T. Farrell.)

Most of these works could be banned for sexual reasons under the law regardless of their political content. But, as Nadine Gordimer, South Africa's foremost novelist, has pointed out, nearly all banned books are really banned for reasons that are broadly political. What the censors fear most is sex as a concomitant of racial revolution. "I think I am the only one who has ever been favored with an explanation . . . [that the banned book] undermines the traditional race policy of the Republic," Miss Gordimer says. Fifty distinguished South African university teachers recently protested

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in vain the ban of Miss Gordimer's *The Late Bourgeois World*. The censors have even banned Stuart Cloete's novel *The Turning Wheels* because of its interracial sexual implications, although Cloete is an ardent defender of the present régime.

South African law provides that no journal may even quote from the work of an author who has been banned as politically undesirable; it is equally unlawful to publish a review of such a book. In its issue of February 13, 1967, *Newsweek* published a review of *The Race War* by Ronald Segal. Now living in London, Segal is a South African who was banned in his native country for campaigning against apartheid. The government censors missed the *Newsweek* review when they first skimmed through the magazine's pages, and the unexpurgated issue reached the counters of several Cape Town bookstores. Several hours later the censors, having been apprised of their oversight, swooped on the surprised booksellers and insisted on cutting the review out of each copy of the magazine. The review, by the way, was unfavorable.

Flammable Films

South Africa's double standard is even more pronounced in the censorship of films than in the censorship of books. It is easier to keep a black man from entering a theatre, especially when all theatres are racially segregated, than to keep him from reading a book. Every film exhibited in the Republic must bear a government certificate issued under authority of the Publications Board, and very often legal permission to see a film is granted according to the racial status of the spectators. Certificate B permits exhibition "to Whites only." Certificate C admits Colored (racially mixed) viewers under the classification "Whites and non-Whites, excluding Bantu." Certificate D is especially obnoxious for the film distributors because it requires cutting or alteration before exhibition, and cutting of racially "disturbing" scenes is very common. *South Pacific* was one of many American films cut almost beyond recognition because of its racial implications.

Of the twenty-six films banned totally in 1966, eighteen were American. They included *The Pawnbroker, Uncle Tom's Cabin,* and *The Group*. That same year, fifty-one films were cleared for white audiences but banned for Colored, Asiatic, and Bantu audiences. The partially banned films included *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, The World of Suzie Wong,* and *An American Dream*. Any film that contains the word "black" in its title labors under a special handicap; in 1966 the censors banned *The Curse of the Black Ruby* and *The Secret of the Black Trunk*. But white audiences may see Sidney Poitier on the screen even when he is pictured as a dignified hero—so long as he makes no amorous gestures in the direction of a white woman.

ALTHOUGH religion nominally plays a small part in maintaining censorship, the moral core of the whole system is based on that of the dominant Dutch Reformed Church. It is an Afrikaans-speaking denomination that scorns any connection with Netherlands Protestants and describes its World Council of Churches brethren as dupes of Communist propaganda. It is strongly Calvinist and bitterly anti-Catholic.

According to the law, anything that is "blasphemous or is offensive to the religious convictions or feelings of any section of the inhabitants" may be banned from books, films, or the stage. A few books fall under this direct religious prohibition; among them are Robert Graves's *King Jesus*, Bertrand Russell's *Why I Am Not a Christian*, and Joseph Lewis's *The Bible Unmasked*. But the greatest fury of Dutch Reformed conservatives is reserved for any book, film, or play that preaches racial equality "in defiance of the Bible" or the Bible's "clear commitment to racial divisions among men." God, according to the prevailing gospel of this church, has divided men into groups according to their native gifts, and the responsible white race is the chosen instrument of His divine plan, delegated to save blacks and other savages from dangerous thoughts.

The church's most conspicuous leader is the Prime Minister's brother, Dr. J. D. Vorster, actuary of the General Synod of the Nederduits Gereformeerde Kerk, the largest branch of the church. Dr. Vorster is also chairman of the Congress to Combat Communism, an organization strikingly similar in outlook to that of the John Birch Society. In his famous proclamation on "Christian National Education," issued when Nationalism was rising to power in 1948, he demanded that the key subject in all South African schools be the Christian religion, and that there be no mixing of the races or cultures. He recently announced that the Publications Board should censor the writings of a group of young South African writers called the Sestigers partly because they "had visited places like Paris, a city obsessed with sin." On the authority of an unnamed police officer, he also declared that "White girls in this country who join the Communist party have to prove their belief . . . by sleeping one night with a Native."

In spite of a slight improvement in international relations under Prime Minister Vorster, the Nationalist legislative program has become more and more restrictive. The position of censorship in the scheme of things has been strengthened; it is generally recognized as an unpleasant but necessary part of the national defense against black revolution. Even the English-speaking white minority within a minority is softening in its traditional opposition to apartheid as they look uneasily to the north and ask what will happen to them when, by the turn of the century, it is estimated that there will be six million whites in the country and thirty-six million nonwhites. Today they have the guns and the votes while the blacks have neither, but how long will this condition last?

As for the blacks, their ablest men are exiled or imprisoned; half of their people never finish the fourth grade and only three per cent ever reach the first year in high school. Such schools as they have are pathetically starved and rigidly censored against "dangerous" thoughts. It is probable that for a long time to come, South Africa will continue to be "the happiest police state in the world."

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Notes from the Frontier, 1965

HUGH NISSENSON

LAST JANUARY the Syrian troops on the heights opened up on a group of Israeli workers in the cotton fields with a concentrated mortar barrage that lasted two hours. No one from the kibbutz was hurt, but in a nearby field a recent immigrant from North Africa, who raised his head, was killed instantly by a piece of shrapnel that tore away the top of his skull. In the event of any trouble, Aaron Stern has ordered us to hit the dirt, cover the backs of our heads with our hands, and remain perfectly still.

Stern is a short, stocky South African, with curly black hair and a protruding jaw, who is in charge of the kibbutz cotton crop. He and I generally work in adjacent rows. The maturing plant, with its thick, woody stem and long palmate leaves, is easily recognizable. Everything else must be pulled out and the roots left to dry up in the hot sun.

Freed from the necessity of thinking about what we're doing, we've spent the days talking. He speaks with a slight stammer that makes him raise his upper lip and crinkle his nose whenever he gets stuck on a word. Scientific farming is a passion with him, and he knows all the facts and figures by heart. When we take a break, he repeats everything in order for me to scribble it all down in a lined pad I keep rolled up in the back pocket of my shorts.

The Hula Valley, Aaron Stern tells me, was originally a lake and a huge malarial swamp that took three years for the government to drain. By 1957, about forty-five thousand acres were ready for cultivation, and three years later, portions of the center of the old lake, where we are now, were divided among those border settlements in the area that were in financial trouble because of their marginal land.

"The k-kibbutz is 180 meters above sea level. This valley is about eighty. All the good topsoil washed down here ages ago. For the first ten years after the kibbutz was established, we worked what we had up there, anyway. We had to. Had no choice. We tried to grow a little of everything. Vegetables, c-corn, peanuts, even some c-cotton. It was no use. The yields were too low. It didn't pay. We were slowly going broke."

He kneels down and sifts a handful of the whitish earth through his fingers. "This stuff is g-great. Limy and rich, with a high mineral content. We've got 250 acres down here. We had the idea of trying to grow c-cotton. It had never been done before in this kind of soil, but we knew it would work. For one thing, the climate's perfect."

THIS LAND in the valley has a very high water level, and it was first thought that the cotton would be able to grow without irrigation because the plants have deep roots. Unfortunately, there was a drought the first season, and the crop withered. But because the fields are right on the border, from fifty to one hundred meters away, a spring that rises in Syria and flows into Israel here has been partly diverted into irrigation canals, which are much simpler and cheaper than an elaborate system of pipes or sprinklers. Once or twice a year, when the soil needs water, Stern simply has the stream blocked by concrete barricades and diverted into the canals.

"The g-ground soaks up the moisture, and the water level rises high enough to reach the young roots. The permanent water table is high enough to feed matured plants."

Each row is more than four hundred feet long. We bend our backs. For a while, there is something immensely satisfying in the simplicity of the work. But invariably, as the sun climbs higher, the exhaustion and monotony become stupefying. A thong of my right sandal cuts into my big toe at the first joint, and a blister on my left hand has burst open. To my right, just beside me, with his painful eyes almost closed, Uri looks like he's sleepwalking. A fresh sunburn has reddened his face, and his nose is raw and peeling. Stern is silent. Fatigue, apparently, makes it harder for him to talk without stammering. And yet he's still ahead of us all, methodically pulling up the weeds with an effortless motion that is interrupted only when he stops to examine the cotton leaves for evidence of parasites. He waves me forward and shows me a leaf that has been stripped of its green epidermis, leaving just the delicate network of brown veins.

"What did that?"

"The bloody l-larva of the night butterfly."

"What can you do about it?"

"Work, man, w-weed and spray."

He yanks up a weed with one hand, carefully shakes the soil from its roots, and tosses it aside.

AT ELEVEN-THIRTY, we all take a break in the shrinking shadow of the lorry and gulp a mouthful of water, laced with lemon juice, from a milk can. Whitened by the dust, Stern's thick black hair resembles a wig worn by an actor made up as an old man. He's in his late thirties, from Johannesburg, where his family immigrated from Lithuania around the turn of the century. While his two brothers were perfectly content to remain in South Africa, managing their father's successful import-export business, Aaron came to Israel with his wife, Nora, in 1949, determined to join a kibbutz.

"Because of the b-blacks," he explains. "The servants, particularly, waiting on you hand and foot, who'd wash out your behind if you tell them. Bloody awful."

The servility of the natives and the willingness of the whites to be completely dependent on them became intolerable to him. "I don't know which I hated more. Does that sound strange? It's hard to understand unless you've grown up in

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a place like that. Begun to take the way of life for g-granted. No. Worse. Much worse. G-gotten to like it. That's the real problem, you see."

"But why settle here?"

"Because on a kibbutz, exploitation is impossible."

He glances at his wristwatch, and with a nod signals everyone back to work under the noon sun. In a few minutes, his faded blue work shirt has turned purple under the armpits from fresh sweat.

At ten to one, we quit for the day.

ANOTHER sweltering morning in the cotton fields with Stern, who works with undiminished energy in spite of the heat. For almost five years now, he has dedicated himself completely to this crop, which along with Cohen's apples and pears has put the kibbutz in the black.

"The money's damn important," he tells me. "Make no m-mistake about it. We've got to make a living. On the other hand, w-working the land together is the basis of k-kibbutz life."

And a little while later, pausing at the end of the row with an uprooted weed in his hand, "None of us are religious, as you know. Work is our religion, if anything. Our justification for being here. What we've done with the land. Draining this swamp, for instance, and m-making it productive."

"But that's already been done."

"I know," he replies slowly. "In the last six months or so, I've been thinking about that. My job here is finished. Uri could easily take over."

"What would you like to do instead?"

"I'd like to go into agricultural management. But that would mean studying first at the Weizmann Institute in Rehovoth."

"Then why don't you?"

"That's up to the whole k-kibbutz. The general meeting would have to approve it. We're very shorthanded here as it is, and it would mean my being away for two years, and when I've finished studying, working wherever I was needed."

The kibbutz, he explains, markets its cotton through a Growers' Cooperative that maintains storerooms, owns the gins, runs experimental stations, and shares in spinning mills and companies that make by-products from the cotton.

"Times have changed," Aaron says. "The co-operative needs trained administrators badly, and I could do it well, I know I could. The trouble is that a lot of members here feel that physical labor is the only real service you can perform for the community. That was true fifteen or twenty y-years ago, when we were just getting started, but not now."

After lunch we go to his room, where he turns on a small electric fan with rubber blades that only circulates the humid air.

"In Johannesburg," he says, "when I was a kid, my family had a Bantu houseboy, a middle-aged man with gray hair, who called me 'baas'—boss. It was intolerable. And thrilling at the same time. You c-can't imagine how dangerous such things are, how seductive, particularly to a child. One acquires the habit of domination over others so easily. And you never really lose it. Submitting to the will of the m-majority here has never been easy for me. And yet I do it. And will. It. . . ."

He hesitates. But after a moment, staring at the whirling blades of the fan, he goes on. "You see, after all these years, the desire for personal power no longer frightens me. K-kibbutz life has taught me to accept it, use it for the good of the whole c-community. Whatever happens at the general meeting, I'll always be grateful for that."

"When will it be?"

"In a c-couple of weeks, I think."

I'M HUNGRY an hour or so after every meal and ravenous by bedtime. And, as far as I can see, so is everyone else. That explains all the coffee and sweets they serve in their rooms at the drop of a hat.

I feel deprived of all the extras that American life provides: the hamburgers, ice cream, good Scotch, chocolate, Coke, corned-beef sandwiches, and, above all, decent cigarettes. At the same time, I'm usually so hungry that I have never enjoyed a cold hard-boiled egg so much, or that extra slice of halvah that I had tonight.

As a matter of fact, all my appetites have been sharpened, so that physical pleasure of any kind, from a hot shower after work to sex and a good sleep, is particularly enjoyable. Generally lethargic, worn out by the unaccustomed work and the heat, I crave different sensations and rejoice at the simplest things, like the clean sheet spread over the straw mattress of my cot.

Stern has told me that when he first came here, he felt much the same way. He and his wife lived near the cow shed in a canvas tent with a raised wooden floor. The rough planks under his bare feet as he climbed into his cot made him happy. At home, his room has been carpeted, but he had never bothered to feel the texture or notice the design. Here, the grain in the wood idly examined one night by the light of a kerosene lamp filled him with joy. At other times, a patch of the pale-blue sky, a handful of the arid red earth sifted through his fingers, or a bur from a camel thorn gave him the same sensation. It was a delight in the natural world that he had never known in Johannesburg.

And then, assigned one hot summer day to plant some pine saplings on the rise above the dining hall, he suddenly realized that the totality of his being, even his breathing and the movement of his hands as he patted down the earth, was as essential to the tiny trees as the sunlight or the rain. Thinking about it that night, his work assumed a new —almost sacramental—significance. It was a means of participating in the creation of a land—of a whole world—that was still unfinished and in the process of becoming. He had an inkling of the meaning of redemption.

"But it wasn't enough," he says. "I worked harder than ever, in the wheatfields or planting peanuts,

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but sooner or later I'd get bored. I c-couldn't help it. I wanted to do something creative. But what? On a farm, once you get things going, the rest is pretty much routine. So I waited, for almost ten years, working wherever I was needed.

"It was good discipline, but hard. Sometimes—I admit it—I thought that I was w-wasting my life, and that I ought to leave here, with my family, while I was still young. Then I'd think about the pine trees. I know that doesn't sound like much, but you have to remember that this was all a wilderness, a wasteland, before we came. Little by little, year after year, we were accomplishing something together. I decided to s-stick it out, and help any way that I could. At night, I b-began studying agronomy from some books published by the U.S. Department of Agriculture. . . ."

When the Hula was drained, he was ready. An American Jew, from California, had previously suggested that cotton might be grown profitably in Israel. Stern was convinced of it. At a general meeting of the kibbutz, in the winter of 1960, he persuaded the other members to try. Put in charge of the project, he succeeded beyond anyone's expectations.

AFTER LUNCH today, I take a walk and sit for a while in the shade of the pine trees on the rise. They are ordinary, rather scrubby Scotch pines, with stiff, twisted, bluish-green needles that rustle dryly in the warm breeze. Yet for Stern, they are a reminder of an experience that changed the whole course of his life. And like all visionaries, he is anguished by the desire to communicate the meaning of that experience which by its very nature remains almost inexpressible.

On my way back to the room I pass Uri on the lawn playing with Rama. The dog suddenly makes a stiff-legged leap into the air to snap her jaws at a fly.

THE GENERAL MEETING, at which Stern's future will be decided, is tonight. We gather in the dining hall, after dinner, facing Seymour, who, as elected managing secretary of the kibbutz, will conduct the proceedings. Uri is sitting beside him, studying notes on a pad.

By nine we are ready to begin. The air is already thick with cigarette smoke. I rapidly count heads. Only forty-six out of the ninety members of the kibbutz have bothered to attend. Aliza whispers that the turnout is surprisingly good. Many meetings have only ten or twenty members.

Stern and his red-haired, freckled wife, who looks Irish with her fair complexion and green eyes, are sitting in the rear, near the back door. She is knitting a sleeve of a blue sweater. His face is perfectly impassive until he suddenly glances up and smiles.

A tiny sparrow has somehow become trapped in the hall. It flies from one rafter to another, to a window, where it thumps against the glass, fluttering its wings, and finally to a rafter again, in one corner of the ceiling at the far end of the room, near the kitchen, where it remains, twittering, and, with a flick of its tail, lets one go—a white drop that spatters on a freshly washed floor. In spite of the amused laughter, coughs, scraping of chairs, and subdued murmur of voices, which

continues throughout, the meeting has already begun.

Uri has been rapidly reading the minutes of the last meeting, and when he has finished Seymour informs us that all security measures are still strictly in force until further notice. He speaks Hebrew with an atrocious Chicago accent.

Now he clears his throat. "Well, you all know the issue," he says in his booming voice, and very briefly, nervously plucking at the black hair on his arm, tells us that he is in favor of allowing Aaron to leave the kibbutz for two years to study at Rehovoth.

"He's done a superb job in the cotton fields for five years. As treasurer, I ought to know what that's meant to the economy of the kibbutz. And, with Uri here to continue the work—he knows almost as much about cotton as Stern—there won't be any trouble. Furthermore, in the long run, Stern's studies will probably help us improve the crop. Certainly the marketing."

BUT for some reason, perhaps to gather his thoughts, he abruptly stops for an instant, and in the brief pause a woman seated to my right, at the next table, speaks out. It's Shula, who a few nights ago was sleeping in the children's house with her son. Her dark, braided hair, coiled doubly around the crown of her head, gleams in the light.

"No," she says quietly. "He'll be studying agricultural management in general, and when he's finished he'll be spending most of his time away from the kibbutz. We won't benefit at all, at least not directly. The kibbutz will be losing a very capable worker for good. And we simply can't afford it. We haven't enough manpower as it is. I say no. Definitely not."

She is loudly supported by another woman, whose name I don't know, with a thin face and a red nose. "I have nothing against Aaron personally. You all know that. But it's a question of principle, and that's all. Our ideal is a small, homogeneous socialist community, based on agriculture, which. . . ."

Aliza, who has been translating the rapid Hebrew discussion, leans closer and whispers in English, "Aviva. She works with me in the laundry. Three years ago, she wanted permission to go and study to be a teacher. Geography, I think. Anyway, we had enough teachers, so she was refused permission. Now, when anyone else wants a leave of absence to study anything. . . ."

The discussion continues, while the sparrow flutters from one rafter to another and then back again to the corner. David, one of Stern's best friends, gets up and speaks, but so softly that it's almost impossible to hear him.

"I know that Aaron deserves to go." From under his bushy eyebrows, he glances at Stern, who smiles at him, momentarily closing his eyes, with a nod. "If any of us deserves to get what he wants, he does. No one has done more." Another glance at Stern, who encourages him with

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a smile. "But I can't agree. I'm against it. We can't afford to indulge ourselves. The needs of the community come first, and Shula is right. What we need are more manual workers, not intellectuals, who . . . we simply can't afford to lose him."

He sits down.

FINALLY it's Stern's turn. He rises. There is complete silence, except for the click of his wife's knitting needles, which ceases when he draws a deep breath to speak.

"D-D-David is right, absolutely right. M-m-my responsibility to this k-k-kibbutz comes first, before. . . ." Nervousness has made his stammer worse than I have ever heard it, and he must periodically stop talking altogether and hold his breath to force out the next word. "B-b-but we're all different personalities, with entirely d-d-different needs. I've finished my job in the Hula, and now I'm stagnating there . . . s-s-stagnating. No use to m-myself or to anyone. And as I g-get older, Uri will be able to do a b-b-better job, because he's young and has the strength. It's something we never face. G-getting older and losing our strength. But I'm still young enough to s-study, and prepare myself to be of some further use to the k-k-kibbutz movement. P-perhaps even here. I don't know. I c-can't promise that. But to be allowed to be c-c-creative again is all I ask."

He sits down and wipes his moist lips and chin with the back of his hand. His wife resumes knitting. Seymour raps his knuckles on the table beside him, calling for a vote.

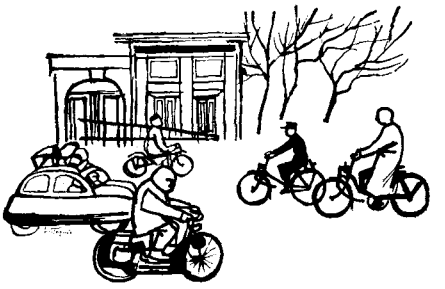
"All in favor?"

Aliza and Shlomo raise their hands, along with fifteen others. There are three against, including David. For some reason, the other members abstain from voting.

Marilyn and I help rearrange the tables and chairs, empty the tin ashtrays, and then go outside, where Aaron and David are talking. The crowd mills around, chatting, when Aviva suddenly points to the sky and exclaims, "A meteor!"

"No, you idiot. It's one of the American space satellites."

We follow the ball of light, moving in an arc against the stars, until it disappears behind the Syrian mountains.



A Matter of Procedure

DONALD R. MORRIS

THERE WAS to be a party for Margaret's seventh birthday on Saturday, and my wife spoke up at breakfast Friday.

"Laurent is coming, and *his* mother had a magician. Jean-Claude is coming, and *his* mother had marionettes. Odile is coming, and *her* mother had a clown. I think you'd better plan something."

I dug doubtfully at my grapefruit. "Laurent's father owns a department store. Jean-Claude's father is a general. Odile's mother gets alimony. Besides, it's pretty late."

My wife frowned.

"I could show movies."

"Not the Zululand ones," my wife said hastily. "Look, Betty Mooney heard about a place on the Rue de Bac where you can rent films. Use your lunch hour, pick up a couple of Charlie Chaplins or something."

It was a pleasant spring day, the address was a half hour's walk from my office, and after a little hunting in the hinterlands of a back court I found the shop promptly at one o'clock.

It was shut. I retreated to a neighborhood café for a *croque monsieur* and tried again at one-thirty. It was still shut, so I went back to the café to nurse a coffee. The lunch hour is a bad time to transact business in Paris; everybody who can swing it goes home to eat and the world of commerce doesn't pick up again until two o'clock or so.

The place was still closed at ten minutes to two, and again at two-fifteen. I reflected. Three coffees were about my limit, and there was nothing very pressing at my office until four o'clock. I decided to sweat it out.

At two thirty-five a brisk young lady with red hair appeared, greeted me civilly, unlocked the door, turned over the "Out for Lunch" sign, swept into the bare room, stepped behind the counter, took off and refolded her scarf, tied it neatly to the handle of her bag, placed the bag on a shelf, and turned to me.

"Monsieur wishes?" she inquired politely.

"I wish to rent two short movies. Perhaps Charlie Chaplins."

The lady produced a large, well-thumbed catalogue from under the counter and placed it before me. I turned it around and found the section marked "One reel eight millimeter black-and-white silent comedies." The first page was headed "Charlot" and listed more than a score of titles and serial numbers. I turned the book back to the lady and indicated the first two titles. She noted my choice, nodded, popped into a back room, and immediately reappeared with two small film cans.

I was agreeably startled. Commercial transactions, especially those involving rentals, did not usually proceed so smoothly in France.

"How much will that be?" I asked, reaching for my wallet.

"A small instant, Monsieur," the lady replied. "There is the matter of the deposit."

WELL, that made sense. I took several ten-franc notes from my wallet and looked up to find the lady

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preparing to make entries on a large pad. Inserting two pieces of carbon paper in the pad, she began. My full name, birth date and place, citizenship, marital status, home address, and telephone number (and since I was only renting the apartment, the full name and current address of my landlord as well), my occupation, precise position, business address, telephone number and extension, and my passport number and place and date of issuance and the date and place of issue of my *carte de séjour* took up all of the first page. She tore off the three sheets and shifted the carbons to the next set of pages.

"You own a projector?"

"Yes."

"Make?"

"A Bolex."

"Model?"

"An M-18."

"Where was it purchased?"

"In West Berlin."

"When?"

"I don't remember. Around 1962."

"It was new?"

"Yes."

"How often do you intend to show the films?"

"Just once."

"When?"

"Tomorrow afternoon."

"Where?"

"At my home."

"Address?"

I repeated it.

"Is admission to be charged?"

"No. It's a birthday party for a child."

Her hand shot down the page and scribbled an entry lower down and then returned.

"Will there be a professional projectionist present?"

"Well, no. I was going to show them myself."

"Will there be a qualified projectionist present?"

There was no change in her voice. I hesitated.

"Yes," I said firmly, "I'm a qualified projectionist."

"A personal and financial reference?"

"Is that *really* necessary?"

"Yes, A personal and a financial reference?"

"His Excellency the Ambassador Charles Bohlen." He wouldn't mind. What's an ambassador for?

"Address?"

"The American Embassy, Avenue Gabriel."

"Financial reference?"

"Mr. J. Fred Muggs."

"Address?"

"The Morgan Trust Company, Place Vendôme."

SHE ENTERED the two titles I had chosen with their serial numbers, indicated a place for me to sign, signed herself, tore off the second pages, sorted them out and pinned them to the top pages, placed a large green stamp on the original set, and handed it to me.

"That will be thirty francs for the deposit."

I handed the bills over.

"And fifty centimes for the stamp."

I fished out a coin and placed it on the counter and picked up the two cans. They were curiously light. I opened the top can; it was empty. I showed it to the lady.

"Madame?"

"The cans are merely to carry the films. You will give this second *fiche* to the office at the warehouse; they will issue you the films."

"The warehouse? What warehouse? Where is the warehouse?"

She gave me a card with an address in Neuilly, on the outskirts of Paris. I looked at my watch. If I were lucky enough in the next few minutes to find a taxi driver who had finished his lunch and who had no particular aversion to visiting Neuilly while he was digesting his meal, I had a reasonably good chance of getting to the warehouse and back to my office without being very late for my four-o'clock appointment. I started for the door, and then paused.

"By the way, how much is the rental?"

"Ah, I had almost forgotten. We charge by the day, one unit per day for each film; Saturdays and Sundays count as one day. You have two films; twice two is four units."

"And a unit? How much is a unit?"

She produced another card with an address in Vincennes. Vincennes is also on the outskirts of Paris, but on the other side from Neuilly.

"Before returning here, go to this office. They will sell you a booklet of twenty tickets, each one good for a unit."

I thought this over.

"Let me get this straight. I go to the warehouse in Neuilly this afternoon and get the films. I show them tomorrow. Monday morning I go to the office in Vincennes and buy a booklet of twenty tickets. Then I come here and give you four tickets and the films."

"No, the films must be returned to the warehouse."

"All right. Monday I go to Vincennes and buy twenty tickets. Then I go to Neuilly and return the films to the warehouse."

"The warehouse is closed Mondays."

"But if I can't turn the films in Monday, you'll charge me two more units!"

"That is correct, Monsieur."

"All right. *Tuesday* I go to Vincennes. I buy. . . ."

"The office in Vincennes is closed Tuesdays."

I thought this through, and then I started in again, very slowly and carefully.

"All right. *Monday* I go to Vincennes and I buy a booklet of twenty tickets. *Tuesday* I go to Neuilly and turn in the films. Then I come here and give you four—no, six—tickets."

SHE SMILED radiantly, like a teacher encouraging a slow child. Another thought struck me.

"Look, we're leaving Paris next month. If I have to buy twenty tickets and you only want six, what do I do with the other fourteen?"

"Monsieur." The smile vanished and she sniffed disdainfully.

"Well, that figures. All right. Monday I buy the tickets in Vincennes, Tuesday I turn the films in at the warehouse in Neuilly, then I come here, give you six tickets, throw away fourteen, and then you give me my deposit back."

"No. Monday you buy the tickets. Tuesday you turn the films in, and then you come here and give me six tickets. Then you wait three days, so that the warehouse can inspect the films to see if you have damaged them. If they have not been damaged, the warehouse will then give you a certificate to show to me."

"And you will give me my deposit back?"

"No, Monsieur. I will then give you a slip to show to the office in

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Vincennes and *they* will give you your deposit back."

"All right! All right, all right, all right! Tuesday! Three days! Wednesday-Thursday-Friday I get the certificate from the warehouse on Friday and bring it to you to get the slip to get my deposit back from the office in Vincennes!"

"*C'est ça*!"

"But Friday is a holiday. I'll have to come back the following Monday!"

"Monsieur, we're closed Mondays."

"All right, the following *Tuesday*!"

"Alas, if you do not return to me within *five* days, the deposit can *never* be refunded!"

Only the knowledge that the situation at home would be even more complicated if I returned without the films kept me from flight. A final thought struck me.

"Look, how much *are* those tickets?"

"Ten francs each. The booklet is two hundred francs."

I worked it out twice on my fingers. It didn't make any sense.

"You want me to buy a booklet for *two hundred* francs, so I can give you *sixty* francs' worth of tickets, to get my *thirty-franc* deposit back?"

"That is correct, Monsieur."

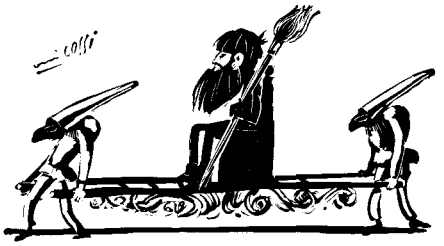
"Supposing I don't buy *any* tickets? Why don't I just keep the films and you can keep my deposit?"

She was truly shocked.

"We have been in existence fourteen years and no one has ever made such an improper suggestion. One does not conduct a business along such slipshod lines. We would be obliged to address ourselves to your references."

I MANAGED to find a taxi driver after all. I asked him to wait at the warehouse, but he happened to live in Neuilly and was planning to take the rest of the afternoon off anyway, so after I got the films I had to take a Métro back to my office.

The party was a grand success, and Margaret has announced that the pictures are to be shown for her next birthday as well. I'm not at all worried about Mr. Muggs, and I keep telling myself that Mr. Bohlen has other things on his mind, even assuming he understands what the letter is all about, if it ever arrives.



Mandalas

Children seem to have no choice
In drawing man: They scrawl
The old Pinocchio, as though
The form divine were vegetable:
A cross of sticks,
Topped by a vacant bubble.
The parental voice,
Not to condemn their view,
Is eminently kind and reasonable:
"Arms don't grow from necks."

If children have no choice,
As it appears, but to ignore
The human counterpart
Of that cartoon, the cause
Of portraiture, before they start,
Is forfeit: A stick figure
Scribbled so, its error lies
In aim, as though an inner voice,
Hoodwinking heart and eyes,
Turned both from man to mandalas.

The voice of their authority,
If it could speak to us,
Might call the bubble head
A circle of eternity,
And name the point where limb
And torso meet to cross,
Epiphany in time;
But signs that spring
To mind in children will abide
No gloss or questioning.

In time, authority is heard
No more, one must suppose,
Beneath the din of loss;
Figure of sticks, Pinocchio
Leaps from the page, fleshed out
To seem his own reward,
And then he knows: this narrow
Cranium betokens doubt;
This simple cross of nakedness
Goes shamefully in clothes.

—JOHN ALEXANDER ALLEN

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Do Not Go Gentle

GERALD WEALES

"MANY PEOPLE have delusions of grandeur," says Marguerite in Eugene Ionesco's *Exit the King*, "but you're deluded by triviality." It is a dangerous line for Ionesco to have introduced into a play in which so compelling a subject as man's reluctance to face death becomes trivial by becoming platitudinous. He has always dealt in philosophical commonplaces. His virtues as a playwright have been his ability to come up with concrete dramatic images, at once funny and frightening (the giant dead body that continues to grow in *Amédée*, and his facility for turning bromidic everyday speech into comic dialogue. His vice has been a certain relentlessness, a refusal to let go of a good thing until he has beaten it and the audience to death. For that reason, it is his early short plays—*The Bald Soprano*, *The Lesson*, *The Chairs*—that are still his most effective work. As soon as he went to three acts, a sag began to show the distance between inventiveness and substance.

ALTHOUGH *Exit the King*, which the APA Repertory Company is presenting in its New York debut, is technically a short play (one act, lasting about an hour and a half), spiritually it is full length. The reason, I suspect, is that it is hung up on its own abstractions.

As the play opens, the Guard announces the entrance of one character after another; each exits quickly and does not return until it is time for his active part. These are formal introductions that have nothing to do with plot and theme. Ritual reminders that we are in a theatre, they are reinforced by later lines, such as Marguerite's "You're going to die at the end of the show." Yet this familiar illusion-reality game has no function in *Exit the King*. Surely it does nothing more than assure us that we are watching a make-believe death, a device that neither improves the make-believe nor illuminates the fact of death.

Once the introductions are made, the Guard goes into a realistic bit —leans his halberd against the throne and complains about the lack of heat. This is emphasized in the APA production by his sneakily smoking a cigarette, as though he had to be constantly on watch to forestall being surprised by a nonexistent officer of the guard. Both Ionesco and Ellis Rabb, who directed this production, are cheating. There is no point in realistic detail when there is no real Guard, no real King, no real country. There is much circumstantiality (supposedly comic, though the sound of laughter did not ring through the Lyceum the night I was there) about the decrepitude of the kingdom and the dilapidation of the castle, but they are plainly symbolic. Berenger in earlier incarnations, in *Rhinoceros* and *The Killer*, faced conformity and death in concrete images on stage. There was far too much repetitive talk in both those plays, but here, as King Berenger, he, his surroundings, and the death that confronts him exist only in the lines, too often pseudo-lyric generalizations ("I'm a honeycomb of cavities that are widening, deepening into bottomless pits"). The amorphousness of the whole thing was emphasized by the set, a nondescript plastic container. "All those laundry bags," muttered my companion.

Like the hero of *Everyman*, Ionesco's Berenger is on the way to the grave. The other characters do not wear the neat labels that the medieval play provides—Good-Deeds, Five-Wits, Knowledge—but they are the same kind of abstractions although not so well defined. As in the early play, the characters fall away, one by one, as the hero approaches death, but—since *Exit the King* is a contemporary play—Berenger must finally go it alone. Marguerite, his first wife, does stay with him until the last moment, prepares him for the final release from self, for she presumably stands for some sense of life itself and hence is tougher than Marie, the second wife, who seems to represent the pleasures of sex and the attractions of society and position.

The play, however, is not successfully a king's necessary parting from his friends, his family, his followers that can also be seen as a man's loss of his own attributes. It is a demonstration piece in which the central character, doing a number of quick changes, ages before our eyes while he goes through a series of scenes that illustrate conventional attitudes toward death: it couldn't happen to me, something of me must live on, everything should be destroyed after I've gone. The struggle to hold onto life must be lost, of course. On this fact, Ionesco's play ends. Berenger, "motionless, still as a statue," sits while everything around him disappears, and then he too goes into dissolution. In the New York production, this is somehow—Richard Easton's look, the play of the lights—presented as a triumph, and that was surely not what Ionesco had in mind.

(Continued on Page 48)

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THE REPORTER

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The difficulty with *Exit the King* is not that what Ionesco says about death is untrue. It is simply that he repeats the whole bag of mortality clichés without strengthening them through characterization, fable, or theatricality. At one point in the play—although not the one in New York, since the APA is up to its usual manuscript manipulations—Berenger laments, "I'm dying, but I can't express it, unless I talk like a book and make literature of it." I have never been sure whether Ionesco resigned himself to the truth implied in that line or whether he hopes to avoid it, but *Exit the King* is certainly a very literary, very bookish, and finally very dull play about death.

EASTON'S performance as Berenger is a good one, meticulously worked out to suggest the emotional states (aggression, fear, dependence) that might be expected to accompany the shifting approaches to death. Yet it falls far short of the kind of creativity that would have allowed an actor to put a dying human being at the center of Ionesco's philosophic play. This was the more obvious to me because a few days earlier I had seen such a performance—Alan Webb as the titular father in Robert Anderson's *I Never Sang for My Father*. It too is in its way a play about death. Since I saw it in its Philadelphia tryout and since there was presumably much rewriting before it reached New York, I will not discuss it in any detail. In any case, I am not much interested in the play that Anderson is trying to write—his (or his narrator's) apology for not having loved an unlovable father. What Webb is doing is so much more fascinating than the sentimental devices of standard Broadway psychological drama to which Anderson keeps returning. Webb has made of the father a proud, irascible, lonely, changeable, bullying, impossible old man, exact in every detail from the don't-help-me fragility of the walk to the self-pitying growl in the voice. If there is anyone who wants to confirm the common knowledge that men do not die easily, he would do better to skip Ionesco's talking about it and go to see Webb living it.

BOOKS

Story by Cinderella

SAREL EIMERL

CHARLOTTE BRONTE: THE EVOLUTION OF GENIUS, by Winifred Gérin. *Oxford. $12.50.*

One of the most searching questions that can be asked about any novelist is how far his characters and situations are based on his experience and how much is owed to invention. Or the question can be put another way: to what degree are the novelist's fictions realistic, to what degree fantasies? Approached from that viewpoint, Charlotte Brontë's novels make a fascinating study. Both *Jane Eyre* and *Villette*, the two novels by which she can fairly claim to be judged, are dominated by the heroines, and both heroines are very similar. They are extremely plain, small, poor, and obscure, and, as the author makes pointedly clear, acutely aware of their physical and social limitations. Moreover, they, and Caroline Heston in *Shirley* also, are bitterly lonely, hungry to the point of desperation for love; victims of melancholia, and teetering on the edge of nervous collapse.

The first great merit of Miss Gérin's biography is that it shows just how closely the unhappy sections of Charlotte Brontë's fictions followed the reality. Charlotte, like all the other Brontës, has been often analyzed: too often, some people would say. But she has never been autopsied with such scholarly thoroughness. It is difficult to believe that there is any information Miss Gérin has not unearthed. She has recorded too much of it, and her biography would have been improved if about a third of its six hundred pages had been omitted. Still, this caveat having been entered, the biography is remarkable, especially when read with the novels in mind. For Miss Gérin has done for Charlotte Brontë very much what George Painter did for Proust. With her book in hand, one can trace all the experiences, for example those at Cowan Bridge school and at the Pensionnat Heger in Brussels, which later went into *Jane Eyre* and *Villette*, and one can also see just how closely, in creating her heroines, Charlotte was portraying herself, or her view of herself. It was her close to total absorption in self which impelled her to break free from the tradition of objectivity that had been followed since Defoe and to become the first subjective novelist: "the ancestor," as Lord David Cecil put it, "of Proust and Mr. James Joyce and all the rest of the historians of the private consciousness."

BUT this adherence to experience was also balanced by its precise opposite. For Charlotte Brontë, having recorded her miseries, her frustrations, and her melancholic collapses, went on to anticipate the advice of Yeats, I think it was, that it is better to write about one's dreams than one's experience because dreams are so much more potent. So Charlotte interwove amid the gloomy reality the fantasy of her dreams, and it is this interweaving of autobiography and fantasy that gives *Jane Eyre* and *Villette* their extraordinary power and makes one put up with the absurdity of the plots and situations,

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 186

by HENRY ALLEN

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A
24 206 166 196 40 186 58 218 86

74 18 66 172 2 Almost unbelievable facility (10,4).

B
28 54 126 32 106 180 142 132 114

7 164 26 Embarrassingly tiny (9,3).

C
20 60 178 64 94 100 72 134 34 48

162 "The wisdom of a learned man cometh by _____ of leisure." Ecclesiasticus XXXVIII: 24.

D
136 176 92 44 158 210 208 156 Flashy but worthless.

E
68 190 222 219 38 98 90 8 "The _____ is by law forbid." "The Wearin' o' the Green."

F
184 52 188 200 198 112 118 108

194 105 224 Abyssinian aristocracy (6,5).

G
154 220 56 78 46 212 168 36 84 42

128 4 82 148 Roman Emperor at the time of the Crucifixion (8,6).

H
12 30 50 202 121 110 "With a short _____ motion." Coleridge, "The Ancient Mariner."

I
116 170 192 14 120 70 182 62 160

124 144 Could the Acrostician be so styled? A convert to President Johnson's party (3,8).

J
214 152 174 102 140 16 6 A statue carved by a King of Cyprus; an English ship of the line; a canvas cloth for children's clothes.

Solution to Puzzle #185

E	N	T	O	M	B	S		S	P	E	C	I	A	L
T		O		A		O		P		M		M		A
E	V	E	R	Y		H	O	U	S	E	W	A	Y	S
R		N		A		O		M		R		G		T
N	O	V	E	N	A		H	E	C	A	T	O	M	B
A		E			C		A			L				U
L	O	N	G	S	H	O	T		A	D	R	O	I	T
T		O			E		T		T			F		N
R	E	M	I	S	S		E	A	T	S	I	N	T	O
I				T			R		O			O		T
A	N	D	M	E	A	N	S		P	E	N	C	I	L
N		R		T		O		E		S		L		E
G	R	E	A	T	C	O	S	T		S	C	A	L	A
L		S		I		K		C		E		S		S
E	S	S	E	N	E	S		H	A	N	D	S	E	T

Acrostician: WILBUR D. MILLS

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.

1	2 A	3	4 G	5	6 J	7 B	8 E	9	■	11	12 H	13	14 I	15
16 J	■	18 A	■	20 C	■	■	■	24 A	■	26 B	■	28 B	■	30 H
31	32 B	33	34 C	35	36 G	■	38 E	39	40 A	41	42 G	43	44 D	45
46 G	■	48 C	■	50 H	■	52 F	■	54 B	■	56 G	■	58 A	■	60 C
61	62 I	63	64 C	65	66 A	67	68 E	■	70 I	71	72 C	73	74 A	75
■	■	78 G	■	■	■	82 G	■	84 G	■	86 A	■	■	■	90 E
91	92 D	93	94 C	95	■	97	98 E	99	100 C	101	102 J	103	■	105 F
106 B	■	108 F	■	110 H	■	112 F	■	114 B	■	116 I	■	118 F	■	120 I
121 H	■	123	124 I	125	126 B	127	128 G	129	■	131	132 B	133	134 C	135
136 D	■	■	■	140 J	■	142 B	■	144 I	■	■	■	148 G	■	■
151	152 J	153	154 G	155	156 D	■	158 D	159	160 I	161	162 C	163	164 B	165
166 A	■	168 G	■	170 I	■	172 A	■	174 J	■	176 D	■	178 C	■	180 B
181	182 I	183	184 F	185	186 A	187	188 F	■	190 E	191	192 I	193	194 F	195
196 A	■	198 F	■	200 F	■	202 H	■	■	■	206 A	■	208 D	■	210 D
211	212 G	213	214 J	215	■	217	218 A	219 E	220 G	221	222 E	223	224 F	225

ACROSS

1. The Shaws knew these reporters.
11. "Sic transit gloria _____." In mud?
31. It was a change. Attends.
38. Redeems and clears one grand.
61. Arch to loss for men of knowledge.
70. Give us some frozen dessert.
91. Makes contented noises as when cats sup on the railroad.
97. Picture Roy in the part.
123. The northerners are almost sneaky.
131. A large antelope found in Iceland.
151. Close to the soil like the ray of sunlight.
158. The social crowd not found in the Acrostician's land (5,3).
181. A kind of apple epitomizing this kind of paragon.
190. I await him but not Tim in the newest state.
211. Monarchs come in large sizes.
217. Proposed for office and named into it.

DOWN

1. Approaches the organ in both latitudes.
3. We try to heal and can sail close to the wind.
5. A residence in the city; a mother's all but no alarms.
9. We followed the manuscript going up for the merganser.
11. Victoria's capital and her first adviser.
13. Slain with sharp iron spikes.
15. Examined what was spent on dice.
52. Caught in a very soft trade.
84. Not the dernier cri but the last cry in quartz.
91. Nobel winner ranks with Pate.
95. Then sissy produced the whole made up of parts.
103. Time opens as a curtain to show that units of time separate us (5,4).
153. Hurry ahead; a kind of sentence (3,2).
161. Bring up a line of gunpowder.
165. Tested but got tired.
172. Test the metrical pattern of verse in cans.

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the woodenness of the dialogue, the turgid rhetoric, and all the other familiar complaints. It is that interweaving, too, which was responsible for *Jane Eyre's* astonishing success. For it and, in a more disciplined way, *Villette* are really retellings in realistic form of the Cinderella story, which is eternally popular because it permits all weak, helpless, and downtrodden females to identify themselves with the heroine and to indulge, through her, their fantasies of becoming admired, rich, and happy.

Like Cinderella, Jane Eyre and Lucy Snowe win the love of their respective Prince Charmings—Rochester and Paul Emanuel. But the real fantasy in Cinderella, I have often thought, is that the heroine takes her revenge on her oppressors by achieving what they want to achieve, and, by doing so, asserts her command over circumstance. This is precisely what Jane does by triumphing over the Reeds and the Ingrams, who play the roles of the wicked stepmother and stepsisters, and the importance of the fantasy to Charlotte Brontë is proved by the fact that she employs it twice in *Jane Eyre*. There the fantasy is a simple one, typically childlike. In *Villette*, it takes on a much more complicated form because it gets all mixed up with Charlotte's desire to re-create the most momentous romantic experience of her life, at the Pensionnat Heger in Brussels. Between the lines of Miss Gérin's biography, one can trace the fascinating interrelationship that existed between Charlotte's childlike fantasies, her experience in Brussels, and the way in which, by imposing her fantasies on the reality, she transformed that experience into fiction.

DURING her childhood, Charlotte had invented a whole saga centered on the figure of Zamorna, a typical dominating Byronic hero. In M. Heger, her "master," she found someone to fill the role, and promptly fell in love with him. Heger did not realize what was happening, but his wife did, and she found herself in a very awkward situation. Charlotte hardly constituted a severe sexual threat. But Madame Heger apparently realized that she was confronting an extremely emotional and potentially hysterical woman who might well make trouble, and perhaps cause scandal. So, having first managed to make Charlotte feel thoroughly unwanted, she finally obliged her to give notice and return to England.

Charlotte had it coming. But she didn't see matters that way. She refused to recognize that she was in love with Heger and unconsciously desired him. True, while living at the pensionnat, she experienced with great intensity just such a violent attack of melancholia that she was later, in *Villette*, to associate with Lucy's abortive passion for Paul Emanuel. True, when she returned to England, she wrote repeatedly to Heger in this style:

"Day and night I find neither rest nor peace. If I sleep I am disturbed by tormenting dreams in which I see you, always severe, always grave, always incensed against me. . . . If my master withdraws his friendship from me entirely I shall be altogether without hope; if he gives me

a little—just a little—I shall be satisfied—happy; I shall have a reason for living on. . . ."

It might seem incredible that any woman, and especially a woman capable of such insights as Charlotte Brontë, could have failed to recognize that she was in love. But no; she honestly believed that all she wanted from Heger was the comfort of his friendship and the intellectual stimulation he had provided. For how could she be in love? By her own rigid, puritanical standards, decent women did not fall in love with married men and desire to take them away from their wives and children. She, Charlotte, was a decent woman with the correct religious principles. She was, like her heroines, totally virtuous and totally without fault. Therefore she could not be in love with Heger.

If anything had gone wrong, it must have been someone else's fault, and that someone, naturally, was Madame Heger. She had been friendly; suddenly she had become hostile. Why? Obviously because, like the Reeds and the Ingrams in *Jane Eyre*, she was infected by a streak of cruelty that she indulged by being beastly to poor, helpless Charlotte. Given this superb piece of self-deception and her paranoia, it was natural for Charlotte to thirst for revenge, and in *Villette* she took it brilliantly. Heger became the dominating yet tender and loving Paul Emanuel, who fell in love with Lucy Snowe (Charlotte) and thus, by preferring her to Madame Beck (Madame Heger), reversed what happened in reality. And Charlotte completed her revenge fantasy with her portrayal of Madame Beck as a selfish and ruthless woman who ended up getting her just and proper deserts in what had actually been Charlotte's position—unloved and lonely.

However, Lucy is prevented from marrying Paul Emanuel, and it is interesting to speculate on why Charlotte should have left this vital element out of her fantasy. Miss Gérin suggests that it was because Charlotte had come to believe that some people were ordained to suffer; that she (represented by Lucy Snowe) was one of them and, in the interests of accuracy, should be so portrayed. I suspect there is much truth in this. For the ability to fantasize requires the existence of hope. By the time she came to write *Villette*, with both Emily and Anne dead, Charlotte was desperately lonely. And her sense of hope may well have been so weakened by the repeated blows she had experienced that it was no longer strong enough to sustain the fantasy of a fairytale ending.

MISS GERIN, sticking close to the orthodox techniques of biography, does not attempt to answer some of the other questions that Charlotte's novels suggest. Despite her shyness, she was a woman of forceful character. Why then did she portray herself, in the guise of her heroines, as so helpless and dependent? And why—the complement to this question—was she, like Emily,

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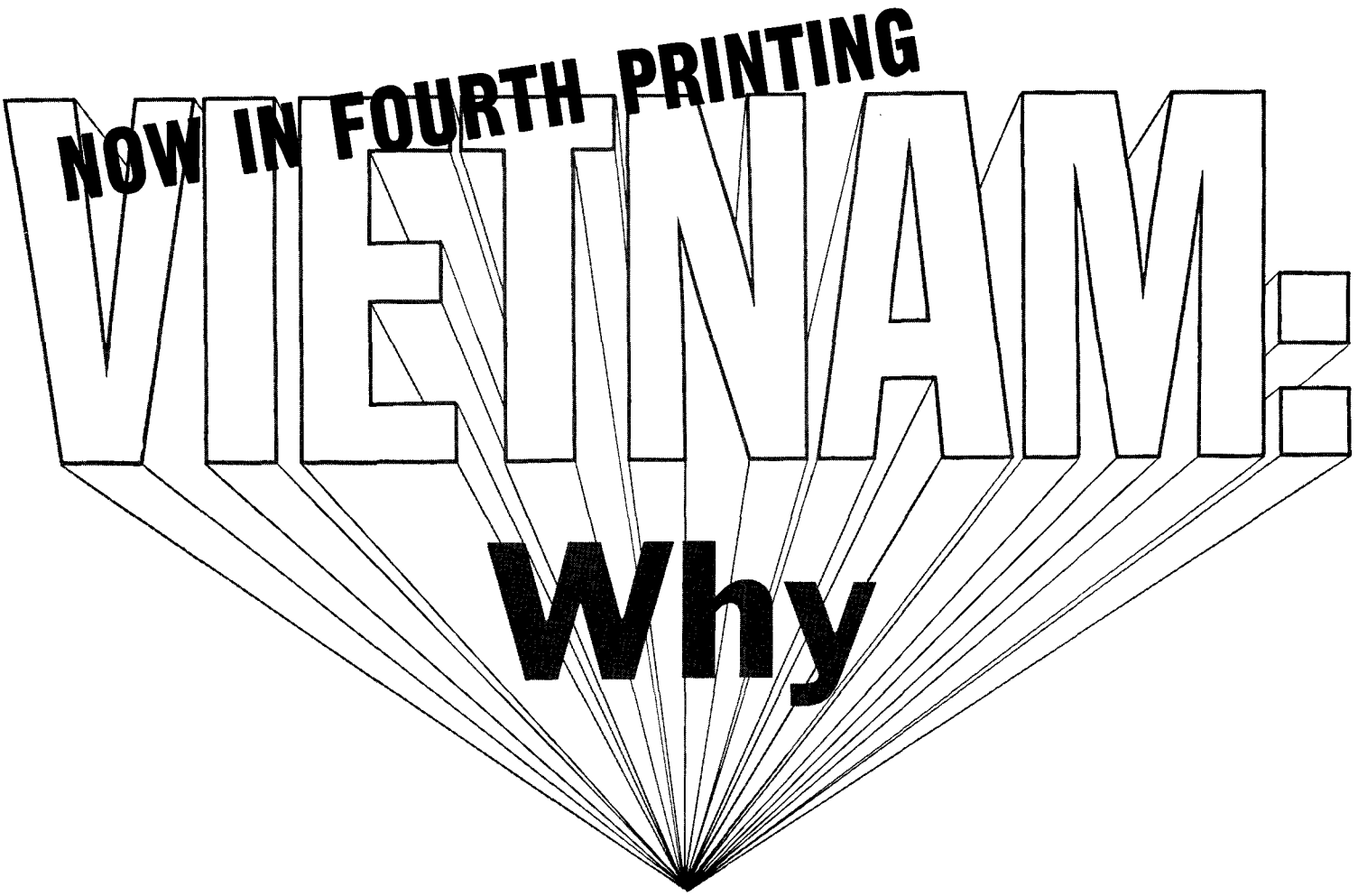

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so obsessed with the concept of the dominating man? Perhaps she saw herself as helpless because she was never able to escape from the psychic bonds of childhood. Perhaps the early loss of her mother and elder sisters made her yearn for a protector who would free her from the awful burden of having to be her own support. Her dream of finding a protector reveals itself most vividly in the character of Rochester. Dominating, rich, always the leader, capable of mixing with his social equals with an easy and irresistible charm, yet in secret preferring plain, obscure Jane and, despite all his wealth, consumed by a secret grief, the bond to his wife from which he could not escape, he was the ideal protector and Byronic hero—the Zamorna of Charlotte's childhood stories brought back to life again as unchanged as if he had been preserved in a deepfreeze.

Yet, at the end of *Jane Eyre*, in one of the most extraordinary climaxes ever imposed on a novel, the relationship between Rochester and Jane abruptly changes, and that change provides yet another insight into the involuted world of Charlotte's fantasies. Trying to save his wife from being burned alive, Rochester is blinded and loses one hand. Now it is Jane who is dominant, for Rochester no longer has anything to give her. He cannot even offer her security, since her inheritance has made her independent. What does it all mean? In those pre-Freudian days, Charlotte could hardly have realized that the loss of part of a limb is a symbol of impotence. It is highly unlikely that she realized she was copying the symbolism of Samson's blindness, and even more unlikely that she realized that, by making Rochester blind, she was satisfying, in fantasy form, her lifelong wish that men should judge her not by her looks but by her character.

It is naturally impossible to say how much of all this was floating about in Charlotte's unconscious. But it is clear that by transforming Rochester into a helpless cripple, Charlotte was reducing him from the role of master to that of subordinate. And why should she have done that? The best explanation, to use the cliché so often spoken by orthodox Freudian analysis, is that there are two sides to every coin. The reverse side of sadism is masochism; the reverse side of the desire to be dominated is the desire to dominate. If the one desire is strong enough, its reverse is likely to be present also. And besides, to make Rochester helpless was only carrying the Cinderella fantasy just a little further. For a poor, oppressed girl like Cinderella to marry Prince Charming is marvelous. But for her to become queen in her own right, with Prince Charming as only her escort, would be even more marvelous. In her ending to *Jane Eyre*, I suspect, Charlotte Brontë was indulging the most compelling of all her fantasies.

The Poetry of Anguish

DANIEL HOFFMAN

THE HARD HOURS, by Anthony Hecht. *Atheneum. $5.00 hard cover; $2.45 paperback.*

It has been nearly a decade since Robert Lowell described American poetry as divided between two varieties, both unsatisfactory—the raw and the overcooked. When both the beats and the academicians were in full cry, this choice between gobbets of meat and molds of marzipan seemed a fair enough description. Since then we've seen some of the beats discover the charm of stanzas and some of the academics desert their quondam gentility. Indeed, there is a new conventionality nowadays, the unbeat and anti-academic reliance upon the "deep image." With such a movement, opposing thought as well as meters, the verse of Anthony Hecht has nothing to do. Yet although his forms are in the main traditional, Hecht's new and long-awaited book is no dish of marzipan. Here is a poet whose subject is the raw, inescapable anguish of our lives—both our personal miseries and the anguish of our public life, the appalling history of our century in which we are all implacably implicated.

Hecht's title comes from these lines addressed to his son: "Adam, there will be/Many hard hours,/As an old poem says . . ./I cannot ease them for you:/They are our common lot." Awareness of such a common lot is inimical to the innate optimism of our American condition, for tragedy and progress are inconceivable within the same society. When this tragic sense appears in our poetry, as in the work of John Crowe Ransom or of Lowell himself, it seems inseparable from the formality of the one, which lends it aesthetic distance, or from the exacerbated intensity of the other, which is doubtless produced by the tension between the self and its environment so blandly untouched by the history of pain. Hecht has his affinities with Ransom and, if not directly with Lowell, then with Lowell's early masters, T. S. Eliot and Allen Tate. What he most deeply shares with them is not so much the formality of their verses—in itself an acknowledgment of historical consciousness—as their essentially religious sensibility. It is this that makes inevitable the depth of his response to contemporary life, from which religious emotion is so conspicuously absent.

I do not suggest that Hecht writes liturgical poetry, although the title of his most compelling achievement in this book is "Rites and Ceremonies." Indeed, this is likely to be the poem by which the future will remember our dismay and self-questioning beneath the moral smog that clings to our generation. To this poem, the nearest we have been given to a requiem for the unknown victims of genocide, I shall return. But first let me place it in the context of Hecht's work over the past two decades.

The Hard Hours is more or less Anthony Hecht's collected poems. Here are reprinted most of his first book, *A Summoning of Stones* (1954), and not only the poems from *The Seven Deadly Sins* (1958) but also Leonard Baskin's stunning woodcuts from that limited edition. A reader of these early poems could not

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miss Hecht's characteristic cast of mind and meter. This poet works for the poise of formal perfection. The tone is elegant, the matter often learned, yet, however historically conceived, it proves contemporary in spirit:

"Samuel Sewall, in a world of wigs,
Flouted opinion in his personal
hair . . ."

Here are all the virtues of the now-scorned "academic" verse of the 1950's. Hecht does not improvise an unexampled rhythm, or compress the experience to a single image that obliterates all thought. Neither does he reveal his own id. No, he uses traditional properties with informed skill, e.g., giving the one metrical displacement in the opening quatrain to the word "personal," a most apt emphasis in a poem whose theme is the integrity of individualism.

Hecht re-creates the character of Sewall, a Puritan diarist whose courtship the poem amusingly retells. To the reader versed in Colonial history, the thought occurs that this same diarist was one of those judges in 1692 who later had the courage to admit his error in the witchcraft trials. But one need not know this to enjoy the poem, or even to sense that Hecht was praising intellectual independence as a virtue deep in the American grain at two periods—the 1690's and the 1950's—when conformity, as well as the hunting of witches, was all too prevalent.

In his more recent poems, Hecht does not relinquish the formal poise and civility of his early work. As he moves into the 1960's, however, the range of experience in his poetry grows larger and at the same time more intimate, and the feeling deepens. "Rites and Ceremonies" is the thematic center of his new work, a poem perhaps stirred up by the Eichmann trial, which again made it impossible to ignore what everybody would rather have forgotten.

How can genocide, crematoria, the horror of suffering, and the horror of guilt be the subjects for poetry? The secular imagination can scarcely handle such monstrous materials cast up by a part of human nature to which no things are sacred. Anthony Hecht has written a poem in which these experiences are re-created in

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order to measure human realities against superhuman hopes:

"Who was that child of whom they
tell
in lauds and threnes?
whose holy name all shall pronounce
Emmanuel,
which being interpreted means,
'Gott mit uns'?"

—the legend on the belt buckle of the first dead German soldier the author saw.

The form of his poem is designedly modeled upon that of *Four Quartets*, for Hecht clearly intends "Rites and Ceremonies" to be a parallel, if not a riposte, to Eliot's meditations of twenty-five years ago. Where Eliot broods upon time, on the moment of pure spiritual awareness, and on the hope of the resurrection, Hecht's subject is less metaphysical, more a question of ethics: What is the meaning of the unspeakable sufferings of his people?

Buchenwald is where the poem begins, twenty years after the author has returned from the war. The first of his four sections is called "The Room," the crematorium in which "*Some there be that have no memorial,/That are perished as though they had never been.*/Made into soap." The history of senseless sacrifice flows through the poem. In the next section, "The Fire Sermon," there is another burning. This is not the fire of sexual lust, borrowed from St. Augustine and Buddha by Eliot for the part of *The Waste Land* with the same title, but an earlier human pyre, lit during a plague in the Middle Ages because "under torture,/ Two Jews had confessed to poisoning the wells."

To the horror of these ritual sacrifices, next is juxtaposed a Renaissance ritual during a pre-Lenten carnival of Misrule. Amid festive jocularity we see the scourging of scapegoats—first a score of asses, then a score of Jews. The concluding section is entitled "Words for the Day of Atonement": "The soul is thine, and the body is thy creation:/O have compassion on thy handiwork."

In a brief review I can only assert that in the varied texture of this poem Hecht achieves a remarkable control of tone. The movement of the verse is kept supple in the shifting rhythms and the alternations between formality and seeming improvisation, and is given resonance by the historical and Biblical allusions. Hecht's style can use such ironies as guidebook clichés to describe the cathedral before which the medieval victims were burned; the Renaissance festival is invoked in elegant, musical stanzas. Yet the style modulates gravely into meditation and prayer.

Is Hecht obsessed by suffering and guilt? Part of the guilt is that "Merely to have survived is not an index of excellence" when so many others, not less worthy, have perished "*as though they had never been.*" Brooding upon the historical role of the Jews as victims, Hecht must question the ways in which God moves. But he does not question that God exists. Nor is his faith conditional upon a codicil promising an afterlife. At the end of "Rites and Ceremonies," Hecht invokes a visionary moment in the imaginable future, "When we again are compassed about with foes/. . . as it is prophesied . . ./*'He shall come down like rain upon mown grass.'* "

This Psalmist does not foresee a perfectible future in which Christians will cease to persecute Jews; his consolatory vision is that Jehovah at last may choose to protect His Chosen People. That they will then be protected from doing, as well as from receiving, evil is implicit in this poem, and explicit in another. Its title, "More Light! More Light!," recalls the dying words of Goethe, near whose grave, threatened by a Nazi's Luger, a Pole and two Jews—prisoners from whom "Much casual death had drained away their souls"—are made to act out a parable of guilt as unremitting as that in Chaucer's "The Pardoner's Tale."

Hecht's view of life is straitened not only by his Hebraic stoicism but by another, more secular conception of human nature. This conception appears in his poems on individual lives. Most of these dramatize private nightmares, obsessions, hells: a drinker's ineradicable childhood terrors, an old woman's fear of evil, unsatisfied lovers' expense of spirit. The two other long poems in *The Hard Hours* help to clarify Hecht's attitude to experience. In "Three Prompters from the Wings," each of the three Fates retells the old tale of a hero whose destiny was preordained where three roads cross. Here is Oedipus as Everyman, born to bear his guilt. "What the intelligence/Works out in pure delight/ The body must learn in pain."

The three prompters tell the tale at a remove, but there is no such distancing of pain in "Behold the Lilies of the Field." In this wrenching soliloquy, as though transcribed from an analyst's couch, the patient relives his dream of being forced to watch the public humiliation, torture, and finally the flaying of his naked commander, the Emperor of Rome. The skin of Valerian is stuffed by the enemy. "In the end, I was ransomed. Mother paid for me." It may be pondered what connection this imperial victim may have with the aged Jews who were turned into lampshades.

For Hecht, suffering and evil are ineradicable portions of "our common lot." He imagines no millennium nor recalls any age of innocence without them. Here all heroes are victims, all dreamers haunted, all lovers and fathers find inconsolable "hard hours" between their desires and their experience. This poet's sense of history creates the past in images as brutal and unredeemed as those by which he represents the present.

What shapes and dominates this thankless view of fate, what makes bearable in expression that which in experience is too painful to be borne, is the power, the intelligence, and the honesty of the style. A. E. Housman's is still the simplest test of good poetry: it makes your hair stand on end. Perhaps a more demanding test is that a poem transform brute reality and painful self-knowledge into an experience so shaped and resonant that we can enjoy the recognition of its design, be this revealed in history or in myth, in psychological insight or in ritual. Wherever revealed, the instrument of revelation is the poet's language. The diction in *The Hard Hours* is simple and perspicuous, yet allusive and memorable. Poems like Anthony Hecht's which, among their other virtues, pass these arbitrary tests, must be included among the best now being written in America.

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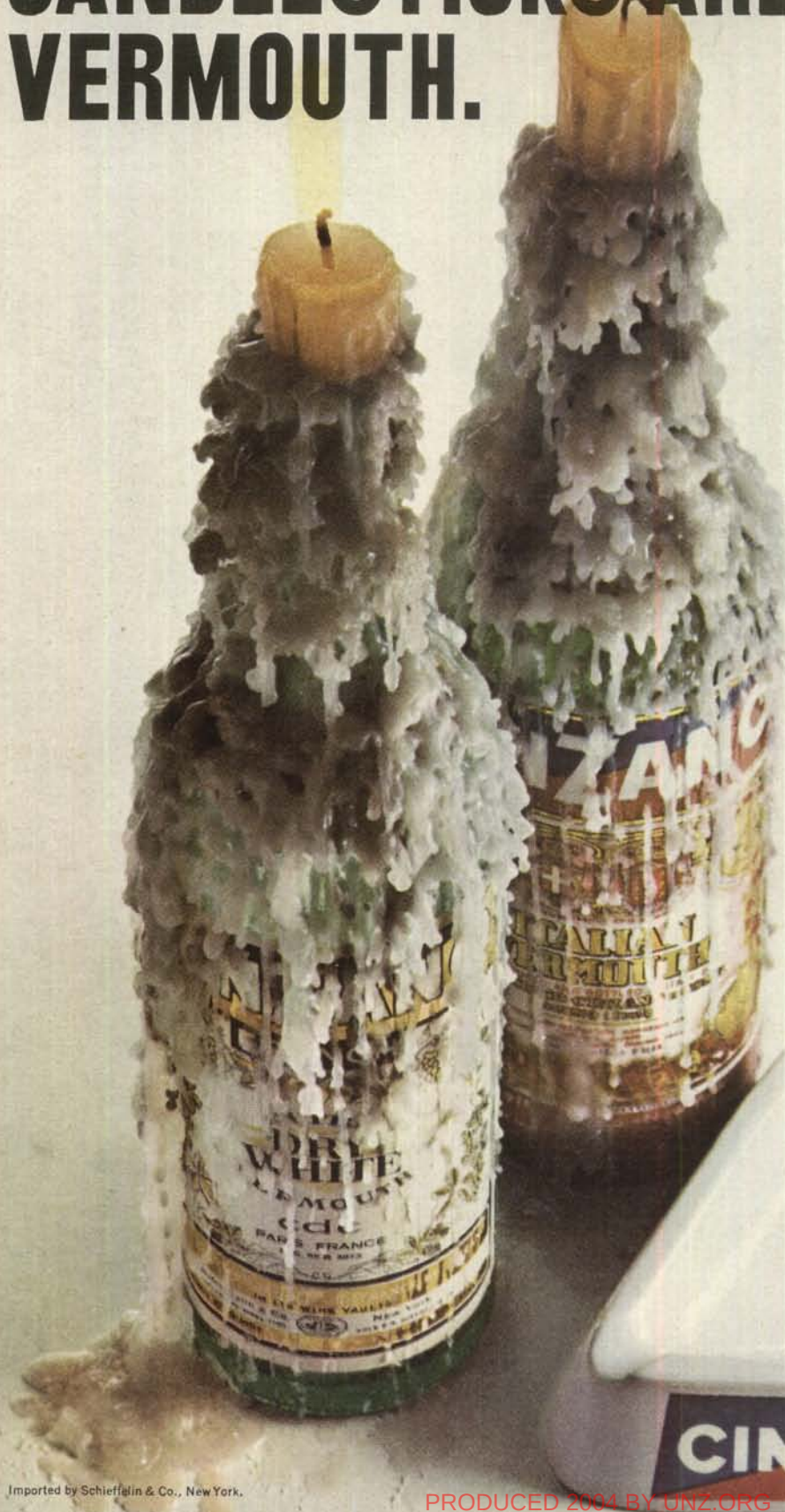

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